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NOTES OF THE WEEK

EUROPE has been mystified by the recent pilgrimage of foreign ministers of small Powers to Signor Mussolini at Milan. We understand that behind the Duce's mysterious talks with the Poles, Greeks, Turks and Hungarians, both at Milan and at Rome, is a new bid for Italian leadership of the small states. He hopes to do what France and the League have so far failed to do. He wants to bring about a settlement of the Polish-Lithuanian and Hungaro-Rumanian disputes. In addition, by withdrawing his threatening attitude towards Turkey, he has added Turkey to that growing list of small states within the Italian orbit of influence which already included Hungary, Rumania, Greece and Bulgaria. Mussolini hopes—by succeeding where the League has failed and by grouping all the South-Eastern European countries (with the exception of Jugoslavia) under his wing—to assume the patronage of the smaller states at present enjoyed by France.

Among other things he calculates that this will enable him to raise the bargaining stakes in his negotiations with France for the settlement of outstanding differences in the Mediterranean and the Balkans. The Quai D'Orsay was at first inclined to adopt an attitude of indifference. Now it is trying to make up its mind whether this is a serious Italian challenge or only another example of the Duce's opportunism.

In a leading article we discuss the American peace pact proposals and state why this country should welcome them warmly. It means much to the world that the United States should be willing to co-operate with Europe, even in an act that may amount to little more than a moral gesture. The fences France is erecting on the course will not pass muster when honestly examined. The Covenant, Locarno, these are obligations that can stand perfectly well within the new structure; it is simply hypocrisy to pretend that because we have gone far in certain directions without America we must now decline



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to go less far with her. The more practical safeguards of peace we have built up in Europe will remain every bit as needful as before, because the American Pact, valuable as it would be, would have no sanctions but those of conscience to back it. But the French obstacles are not likely to be readily removed, and though the loss would be real if on account of them Mr. Kellogg's proposals should fall through, we admit we are not sanguine of a successful issue.

In view of the Peace Pact proposals it is interesting to note the new emphasis placed by the big navy group in the States on the proposal that Washington should take over the British and French West Indies in part payment of those countries' debts. The idea is not new—it was heard of directly after the war—but it is significant that the big navy-ites should have taken it up. The suggestion is that the existence of these European outposts relatively close to American shores constitutes a menace to her security. If the Pact were to go through, that argument would have to be discarded. On strictly economic grounds the proposal may not be altogether fantastic, but of course it would never be decided on strictly economic grounds. Even supposing the experts were to prove that the exchange would be of decided advantage to us, we cannot imagine the people of this country or of the Dominions agreeing to part with an integral portion of the Empire. Blood is a good deal thicker than bank notes.

Better than any other man in British public life, Sir Alfred Mond represents that combination of high political purpose and great business ability which the conditions of to-day render peculiarly desirable in the leaders of national enterprise. We may pay his latest effort the compliment of saying it is worthy of him. On his initiative, the largest producing unit in this country, Imperial Chemical Industries, has joined forces with the largest banking concern in the United States, the Chase Securities Corporation. The popular newspapers have amused themselves and their readers with addition sums showing the amount of capital represented by those great entities; but, in truth, the indirect resources of the combine are beyond calculation. The organization over which Sir Alfred Mond is to preside will finance drooping but promising industries in every country except Russia, and in stimulating world-demand and world-production ought to render highly important services to this country and the Empire. That incidentally it will make for closer and more persistent co-operation between Great Britain and the United States is very much in its favour.

The Simon Commission has returned after a preliminary enquiry in which a good deal has been done to weaken extremist opposition to its composition and procedure, and Sir John Simon is so far justified in optimism. His firmness and patience will secure him all the co-operation needed for thorough investigation of the Indian problem. But if we are to understand that he is hopeful of a solution which will both protect vital interests and satisfy the left wing of Indian Nationalism we cannot share his hope. The

wisest policy in India would be one, not of advance along the way marked out in 1919, but of return to unified government followed by progress along another route. Diarchy ought to be scrapped, not in the interests of sheer reaction, but in order to permit of a political development more accordant with the spirit of Indian life. But who has the courage to propose scrapping diarchy? The probability is that, whatever the final enquiry reveals of its defects, diarchy will be preserved though modified. Few love it, but abandonment of it would be represented as vicious retrogression. Yet courage and imagination in politics are nowhere better rewarded, in the long run, than in India, and a bold policy would be accepted, after some initial protests, when a timid compromise would only increase agitation.

It is impossible to look kindly on any measure which increases the costliness of Parliamentary candidature, and the anxiety felt at an increase by twenty-five per cent. consequent on the Equal Franchise Bill is natural. Already many promising men are debarred from political life by the expense of electioneering or obliged to accept assistance which diminishes their independence. What can we expect in the future as regards a constituency like the Romford Division? It contains 72,000 electors, and under the Bill will contain 90,000, which means, at 7d. per elector, a cost of over £2,600 to each candidate. Who but a wealthy man will contemplate fighting two or three elections at such a figure? The limitation of election costs is easy enough to propose; but, after all, it is essential for the working of a representative system that the candidates should reach every elector. The Government do not minimize the importance of election costs, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks promises such a decision on the point as will be approved by the great majority of members of all parties. We hope for such a decision, but are puzzled to think how economy can be combined with the thorough education of an inflated electorate.

The last days before the Budget seem always to be preserved for a last crop of rumours of new taxes and remissions of taxes, and this year has followed precedent. It may be taken that in their main lines Mr. Churchill's proposals are already known and that nothing very startling remains to be disclosed. In these days it becomes increasingly difficult for a Government to recede from anything it has brought forward in the shape of a legislative proposal, and therefore it is necessary to make some test of opinion before the Budget is introduced. We know that this year it will include at least an instalment of Mr. Churchill's plan for relief of rates. This, the details of which still remain to be revealed, will be its most important feature. The rumours of completely new taxes may be taken with reserve. If there are new safeguarding duties they will not be for purposes of revenue and, though there are sound general arguments for taxing gramophone records, the only source of entertainment not at present yielding revenue, it is unlikely that Mr. Churchill will place a burden just now on an industry which shows so much promise of growth.

It seems not so long since Mr. Baldwin issued a fiat, not without good reason, against the practice of Ministers engaging in journalism. Yet already we have had Lord Birkenhead delivering himself somewhat bilefully on the subject of women in politics, and now it is announced that Mr. Churchill is to write a series of twelve articles on "personalities" in some as yet unspecified magazine. The products of Lord Birkenhead's pen are, so far as fastidious readers are concerned, a matter between him and such editors as may be willing to pay for them. Mr. Churchill writes well, and it may be hoped that he will not be altogether lost to literature. But both of them alike are embraced in the obvious judgment that a member of the Cabinet ought not to indulge in such activities. They may be quite harmless, but it is difficult to draw an exact line, and that difficulty ought to persuade men intelligent enough to set up as journalists of the impropriety of making it necessary to draw it.

Statistics of street accidents during 1927 are considerably higher than those for the preceding year, but not by more than the year's increase in motor traffic was likely to occasion. This is not to say that they are not far higher than anyone, motorist or pedestrian, can view with complacency. In 1927, 5,329 people were killed and more than 148,000 injured; this is an average of 14 deaths and 407 injuries per day. The majority of them are avoidable. It was not pleasant to read in the annual report of the Roads Improvement Association, on the same day as these figures were published, a statement that the number of "blind" corners on the roads is actually increasing. The erection of new buildings at corners is making more bad corners than are being removed. This is a cause of accidents which, with vigorous action by local authorities, can and ought to be prevented. There are enough dangers existing without adding to them. The lot of the pedestrian is growing less and less enviable, and even those who most sympathize with him are bound to admit that accidents are often his own fault. The invention of a "rear light" for pedestrians, reported in the Press during the week, sounds amusing but may shortly become a necessity. The alternative to practical measures by pedestrians for their own protection will soon be legislation against them such as already prevails in several other countries.

Some slight idea of the risks attending an Atlantic flight from east to west can be imagined from the reports that are slowly filtering through from the marooned crew of the *Bremen*. It seems clear from what the airmen have said that they themselves had pretty well abandoned hope on the way across. They were lost, their lighting system had failed, impenetrable fog followed blizzard, they were hundreds of miles off their course. All that pluck could do had been done: it was luck that pulled them through. At present the crossing is a gamble with the odds almost insuperably against success. The fourth attempt has succeeded: three preceding attempts, equally well equipped, failed; it may well be that the fifth, sixth and seventh (for others are certain to try) will fail also. "Never be heard of again" is perhaps

nearer the mark, for the meteorological experiences of the *Bremen* suggest that previous airmen may actually have got across, and perished in the frozen country north of Newfoundland. Indeed, it is still barely possible that Hinchliffe may be found when the snows melt.

Reports from Mexico bring to us strange and unexpected echoes from the most famous pages of Gibbon. If the Roman Catholic version is to be accepted, there has been nothing closely resembling the persecution of the Church there since the days of Diocletian. The apologists of the Government have arguments to which we must listen with care. Not much property in Mexico belongs to the Mexicans, and a large proportion of what might be said to do so is under the control of the Church, that is to say, from the point of view of a jealous Nationalist, almost equally under foreign control. No doubt Diocletian and his officials were ready with equally reasonable defences of their policy. But their policy failed because the Roman world was by then in large part already tenaciously Christian, and against that tenacity the most reasonable devices of government struggled in vain. We must wait for the event to see whether President Calles and his supporters have undertaken an equally impossible task.

The interesting suggestion has just been made that no future town-planning scheme ought to omit the provision of space for an aerodrome. This is indeed one of the main problems of civil aviation in England, which is heavily handicapped by the distance of Croydon from the centre of London. The problem for London will have to be solved sooner or later by drastic means, otherwise we shall fall much behind the rest of the world in the matter of rapid travel. But it is clear that in the future aerodromes will not be necessary to the metropolis alone. The light aeroplane is becoming popular with even more rapidity than the earliest motor-cars, and suitable landing-places will before long rank among the conveniences of a neighbourhood.

Our Art Critic writes: We smile at the Victorian painter who wore a velvet coat and "looked like an artist," but no generation has been more ready than ours to vote a man a genius on the strength of an attractive personality or a picturesque biography. Thus Goya (who died a hundred years ago on the sixteenth of this month) has been slow in coming to his own only because Spain is one of the last countries in Europe to be overcome by the armies of Cook. It is safe to say that his reputation is bound to increase. The best work of this prolific artist is of considerable importance. He had much of the canny power of generalization of Fragonard and an occasional passionate intensity of dramatic characterization which provokes comparison with Rembrandt, while such an illustrator of the life of his own times cannot but prove ever more interesting historically. On the other hand his habit, valuable enough in some ways, of painting a full-length portrait in a day led him to produce a mass of really common work, and one foresees many indifferent canvases rather easily accepted as masterpieces. Already only one of the four Goyas in the National Gallery justifies, though that one does so handsomely, inclusion in such a collection.

AMERICA AND PEACE

THE American Note on a world Peace Pact enlarges a draft bilateral agreement between America and France into a multilateral agreement between all the great Powers. The operative clauses of the draft treaty are two. By the first, the contracting powers condemn recourse to war for the settlement of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of policy in their relations one with the other. By the second, the Powers agree that the settlement of all and any disputes that may arise shall never be sought except by pacific means. Opinions will differ about the practical value of propositions in terms so general. The American view is that the moral effect of a general subscription to these principles will amount to what is called an outlawry of war. France, with whom America has been negotiating, is understood to make great reservations. She points out that the Locarno Treaty makes it obligatory in certain circumstances to employ the sanction of war which is formally renounced by the new draft Treaty; how, it is asked, is it possible to reconcile loyalty to the new Treaty, which outlaws war, with loyalty to the old Treaty, which seeks to maintain peace by providing that in certain circumstances recourse shall be had to war in order to restrain an aggressor? The essence of all European plans for preserving the peace has been the creation of sanctions against its violation. The essence of the American plan is that there shall be none but the moral sanction. The European school of thought seeks to preserve the peace by forming holy alliances to punish the aggressor; the American school rejects the idea of warlike sanctions and relies purely on the moral sanction. The one school seeks to create in a new form the old system of alliances to restrain an international criminal; the other is content to pronounce the sentence of outlawry against war and to trust to the conscience of nations to make it operative. Clearly there is a difference of principle and it has delayed the signature of an agreement between America and France.

But it is ridiculous to argue, as some are doing, that the conflict is irreconcilable, or that the Geneva and the Washington schools of international peace are mutually exclusive, and that you can only adhere to the one by renouncing the other. For think of the history that is behind both. President Wilson, who was a Democrat, had definitely come to the conclusion that America could no more isolate herself from the quarrels of Europe than could England, and on the theory that America and Europe were members of the same family was built up the whole settlement after the war. Had President Wilson, when he came to Europe, brought a few Republican senators with him and associated the Republican party with his policy, it might have been accepted without question. But it was repudiated on party grounds, and when the Republican party was returned to power America once more reverted to her old isolation and refused to join the League of Nations. If there had been no coupon election in England after the war, and the left-wing Liberals,

traditionally opposed to European entanglements, had come into power, we should have had an exact parallel, so far as our foreign policy was concerned, to what happened in America. We should never have signed the Covenant of the League, and certainly not the Pact of Locarno. But that would not have meant that we had lost all interest in European peace. Nor, in fact, has America. American foreign policy is often most easily comprehended by reference to the ideas of the mid-Victorian Liberals in England. John Bright denounced the conception of the Balance of Power in Europe much as Senator Borah has attacked the League of Nations; but the motive in both cases was a keen desire to see the peace preserved.

The American policy in the new proposals that it has just put forward is one that might well recommend itself to a Morleyite English Liberal. It holds that the moral sanctions of peace are the strongest, and renounces war as an instrument of policy in international relations. But if war breaks out the proposals do not necessarily commit the signatory powers to mere passive isolation from the struggle. On the contrary, the Powers who have signed the American Treaty may proceed to do what America did in the late war and use their influence for justice and peace in the way they think best. The difference between the American and the Geneva school of thought is that, whereas under the American plan there is freedom of choice, when the crisis comes under the Covenant and Locarno the powers are committed to definite lines of action which may lead to war. The greater includes the less, and therefore while America may sign her new Treaty without becoming a member of the League or signing any binding contract like that of Locarno, every member of the League can quite honestly sign the American Treaty. They are two arches of a bridge across a river of uncertain width and rate of flow. The American Treaty is the first arch and it may suffice. If it does not, those who are free to do so may turn back, whereas others will be committed to go further; but everyone may use the first span of the bridge. We hope, therefore, that no more will be heard of the argument that because a country may be committed to go further it may not promise with America to go half-way.

It is impossible to overestimate the loss to the world of America's abstention from the League, or the consequent gain if she can be induced to make, from outside the League, the same contribution to peace that she would have made if she had been a member. We regret to notice from time to time among the advocates of the League a certain theological intolerance which denounces as heretics all who prefer alternative ways to the ideal of permanent peace. But the dissenter in these matters is not necessarily damned. It was too much to expect of the United States with her tradition bred in the bone of isolation from European quarrels that she should commit herself in advance to specific action in certain eventualities. The wonder, indeed, is that this country has been willing to go so far as it has done. Contrast the hesitation of 1914, only resolved by the invasion of Belgium, and the solemn obligation which we undertook at Locarno to throw our whole weight on the side of France or Germany if one is attacked by the other, and the distance we have travelled seems almost incredible

in the time. Even now one sometimes wonders whether the conversion is as complete as it seems, and whether the masses of the people would honour the contract as generously as they did in the late war in which there was no specific contract to bind them. It is easy if we search our own hearts to understand and respect the form which American service to international peace proposes to take. It may indeed be the form which hundreds of thousands of Englishmen would have preferred for their own country.

But however that may be it would be madness for any European Power to reject America's co-operation, however limited, because it did not go to the full length of the Covenant or of Locarno. Why, even this country has definitely restricted its promise of armed intervention against the aggressor to Western Europe, and the broad Atlantic may well commend a further limitation to America. It is not by the actual legal promises that the value of such assistance as America now offers is to be measured, but by the spirit of sympathy and co-operation which any promise implies. This country, at any rate, will hasten to welcome American co-operation, for friends who have once committed themselves to a great principle will not as a rule part company because its execution promises to exact more sacrifices than they would have been willing to promise each other at the outset.

THE SILENT SERVICE

IF the Admiralty was open to criticism for its handling of the first chapter of the *Royal Oak* affair, it is entitled to credit for its handling of the last. Mr. Bridgeman's statement was prompt and adequate, its indication of Admiralty policy just and in general accordance with public feeling. With it we hope the last has been heard of an inglorious incident in naval history. But before the skeleton is locked finally in the cupboard and the key thrown away there are certain points to be considered.

The Admiralty bears out our view that the quarrel, judiciously handled, need never have developed into the public scandal that humiliated the navy and the nation. That it did so was due to "an unaccountable failure amongst these three officers of high rank to show the good temper and common sense normally found amongst all ranks and ratings." But it was also due to the action of the Commander-in-Chief who by ordering, on his own responsibility, the Rear-Admiral to strike his flag and the other two officers to be superseded, gave the incident publicity at Malta and an exaggerated importance from which there was ultimately no escape except through the full ritual of courts-martial. The Commander-in-Chief was embarrassed by lack of time, for the fleet was due to sail for important manœuvres, and the Board of Admiralty consider that in these circumstances his action was correct. At all events, it seems to have been unavoidable, for the story goes that the Captain and Commander refused to sail with the Rear-Admiral aboard. But if it was a necessity, it was one all the more lamentable in view of his subsequent report that the alleged deterioration of discipline and *moral* on *Royal Oak* had been "greatly exaggerated."

It seems fairly clear from all the evidence—not overlooking the astonishing *rapprochement* between the antagonists immediately following the trial—that Captain Dewar and Commander Daniel temporarily lost their tempers and their heads. Not, it will be agreed, without grave provocation and not before temper had been grossly lost in a higher rank. And although the Board state that the incidents which caused the trouble were "in no way indicative of any systematic want of consideration or habitual fault-finding . . . on the part of the Rear-Admiral but were simply isolated occurrences," ordinary people may be permitted to enquire why, if that were so, the Board thought it necessary to take the step, almost unprecedented in peace-time, of removing the Rear-Admiral from his command. The reference to "isolated occurrences" accords ill with the declaration that the Board consider that this officer has "shown himself unfit for further high command." Censure could hardly be more severe.

Altogether, though the worst way was chosen for doing it, the Captain and Commander are entitled to some respect for bringing the grievances to light. They did so at their own grave risk, a risk to which they cannot have been blind, and as a result—partly through their own faults in going beyond the strict letter of regulations in regard to the lodging of complaints—they have lost a great deal in their position in the Service. The Admiralty—to the satisfaction of both the Service and lay opinion—have agreed to modify the usual procedure when an officer is severely reprimanded and dismissed his ship and have decided that the sentences "shall not preclude them from further employment in due course when suitable vacancies occur." This may mean little or it may mean much. At the best it must mean that the careers of the Captain and Commander have been very seriously prejudiced.

Probably that was unavoidable, once things had taken the course they did. The disgrace of these two officers, the ignominy into which the Navy has been brought abroad by the Courts-martial, these are a high price to pay for getting rid of an undesirable officer. But since that price has been paid, the country must be sure it is getting the best possible return for the expenditure. What good can come of a bad business must certainly be made to come. That is why the most satisfactory part of Mr. Bridgeman's statement is the last part, in which he announced that the Board are to review the relevant articles of King's Regulations, in order to discover whether there is justice in the suggestion that at present the procedure for officers or men wishing to lodge complaints of superiors is not sufficiently clear. The published reports of the Courts-martial certainly seemed to afford grounds for this view. If the Board find it to be so, the defect must be promptly remedied. And in considering the possibility both of defect and of remedy the Board will do well to remember that the strictness of the existing code was intended for a Navy very much cruder in mind and morals, and a public opinion very much less enlightened, than the Navy and the public opinion of to-day.

THE DECAY OF NEWS

BY B. IFOR EVANS

THE proprietors of the popular Press are for ever boasting of the bigger and better papers which they supply daily to their millions of readers: they forget that though the size of their journals may have increased the number of words of reading matter may not have increased proportionately. In order to substantiate a few generalizations on the growth of popular journalism I have compared a number of penny papers of the year 1896 and a number of the recent productions of our net salesmen.

The modern paper certainly looks bigger; often it has double the number of pages of the newspaper of thirty years ago. But once advertisement material has been excluded, and the changed methods of format allowed for, the number of printed words, apart from headlines in the penny paper of to-day, is appreciably less than in 1896. The methods of printing have improved—the last generation must have ruined its sight in attempting to read its papers—and pictures have been added, but the news material has not increased. The modern penny paper has made impressive strides towards mechanical perfection; its methods of production and distribution are possibly more efficient than in any other industry in the country, but in the presentation of news it has as a whole failed to show courage or initiative.

This decay of news arises mainly from two causes; first there is the increase in advertisements, and secondly the increase in what may be generically called the magazine material. The actual revenue of a daily newspaper from advertisements is difficult to calculate, but this at least is known, that the revenue per column has increased enormously and that the total number of columns has increased disproportionately to the increase in the size of the paper. In 1921 the Associated Newspapers published an interesting, brief history of the *Daily Mail* under the title 'The Mystery of the *Daily Mail*.' There it is recorded that in 1896 (the year in which the paper was founded) the cost of a whole page advertisement was £75; in 1921 the cost of the same space was £1,000. It should not be thought that I refer specifically to the *Daily Mail* in any part of this article. I quote these statistics, and a number of statements which follow, from that source merely because the Harmsworth Press from the earliest days of *Answers to Correspondents* has been extremely frank in communicating details of its business to the public.

A generation ago a newspaper had the appearance of being occupied mainly with news and editorial material; advertisements appeared in slim modest columns and the front or the final pages were at times occupied entirely with advertisement material. Most of the advertisements were small announcements; the display advertisement was only beginning to make itself felt. To-day the whole balance has changed and often a thin black column of news seems to be making a febrile attempt at an existence between fat slices of displayed store catalogues. Each page is like a sandwich and the meat of news is growing thin. Certain early statements of the Harmsworth brothers on the matter of advertisements are of interest in this connexion. On June 30, 1888, there is an editorial statement in *Answers* from which the following is an extract: "The popular belief that papers cannot pay without advertisements is a deeply-rooted one; but it is a delusion nevertheless . . . If you insert advertisements you lessen the amount of reading matter and—then your readers fall off—down goes the circulation." A similar policy was announced in the early days of the *Daily Mail*. "It is the busy man's paper: it

contains exactly the same news [as the penny paper: the *Mail* was then a halfpenny] but it has fewer advertisement sheets."

The emaciation of the news columns is a phenomenon rather more difficult to follow. There exists in the minds of editors an irrefragable image of what the public regards as news. Pictures are news, even old pictures; broadcasting programmes (free copy) are news and, above all, magazine material and gossip columns are news. It is difficult, unless one actually analyses the columns, to realize how much of this material there exists in the average issue of a penny paper. This type of material was first made popular and effective in the early days of the *Star* when that paper was a halfpenny evening paper in the capable hands of the now Right Honourable T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Every evening a column or more was set aside for a short story or serial along with paragraphs of gossip and curious items of miscellaneous interest. The feature was developed in the early days of the *Daily Mail*. Here it was openly described as a "Magazine Page," and was kept apart from the rest of the paper. Short stories and serials (always called *feuilletons* in the early issues) were combined with paragraphs of gossip and articles for women. The Harmsworth brothers had had experience in handling this type of material through their proprietorship of *Answers*. They believed that women were not interested in politics and news leaders but would be prepared to buy, or to make their husbands buy, a paper that contained miscellaneous material of the type found in the popular magazines. The "Woman's World" was from the first given prominence on the Magazine page and those who remember the paper in the 'nineties may recall the fashion plates of innumerable women in the leg-of-mutton sleeve of the period. This magazine material was adopted sooner or later by every popular paper. It abandoned its modest corner on one page of the journal and spread like a virulent plague through almost all the pages. This increase is said to have been due to popular demand. The mass prefers gossip about a statesman's profile to reasoned information about his policy. They prefer to be told for the thirtieth time how sweet peas should be grown to a considered dispatch on the situation in Hong-Kong.

The popular newspapers have been prepared to pay quite generously for this material, and the production of many of the articles in this section has become the spare-time occupation of men of note. Incidentally the working journalist finds himself pushed out of these columns by the dilettante with a reputation. If the large public continues to insist on this class of material no one on the business side of journalism will object, for despite the special rates occasionally paid to distinguished contributors these columns must be much less expensive than long telegrams from foreign correspondents, full of informative material which cannot be gathered without liberal expenditure.

I am not prepared to suggest that the public would in any way be satisfied if the newspaper of to-day contained the type of information found in the papers of thirty years ago. My suggestion is rather that the modern newspaper with its increased circulation, its increased revenue from advertisements, and the far superior mechanical organization for the conveyance of news at its disposal, has failed miserably in its opportunities. For a moment it may be worth while to look at a typical morning newspaper for the spring, 1896. The main news feature is a speech by Sir William Harcourt reported in three solid columns (from five to six in a modern paper), and along with this some seven and a half other columns of parliamentary news and comment. There are four columns of leading articles, most of them of a political nature. The other news and the telegrams are presented without sub-titles and with

little or no comment. The impression conveyed is that politics is the one matter of importance and that all else is of secondary interest. Possibly the penny papers had absorbed the method of *The Times* of Delane's day by which political speeches were reported, verbatim if possible, whatever might happen to the rest of the news. Incidentally *The Times* adopted the policy so thoroughly that it gave only a third of a column to Delane's funeral and seven and a half columns on the same day to a speech by Mr. Gladstone. Apart from politics crime had the main claim on the news space. Two columns were given, for instance, to an account of the execution of Mrs. Dyer, the notorious baby-farmer, and a gruesomeness of detail was presented which is to-day inconceivable.

The men of the new journalism who came in the 'eighties and the 'nineties like an army of new Defoes to Fleet Street changed completely this old tradition. First they reduced the leader columns to a few terse comments; they believed, and apparently rightly, that the public of that day did not want long commentary on the news, particularly the political news. The change can be seen most dramatically in the first issue of the *Daily Mail*. The penny papers on that morning had some four or five columns of leaders. The *Daily Mail* had three leaders which together did not occupy half a column; the first leader was only thirteen lines in length. It must not be understood that the popular journal by destroying the leader has ceased to comment on the news; the commentary has gone over to the news columns. Every omission, every condensation in the news columns is an implied comment and the attenuated news columns of the popular papers of to-day are full of that type of commentary. Not only were the leader columns reduced to a shadow but the long columns of politics and crime were made to disappear. They were replaced by the gossip columns and by numerous paragraphs and articles of miscellaneous interest. They gave information about nothing; they gossiped about everything. It is true that affairs from Manchuria to South America might intrude, but they were trivial affairs; the mass public, we were given to understand, would not tolerate a long or reasoned account of anything. If there was a war perhaps they were prepared for long dispatches and the new masters of the Press were prepared to see that they got them.

People got the Press as well as the Government that they deserve and the large public of to-day seems prepared to tolerate the thin news columns with which it is provided. It would be well for the masters of that Press to remember, however, that newspapers are the most precarious of properties; they depend almost entirely upon goodwill. The public which made the new journalism popular a generation ago was the public that had only just been taught to read by the Compulsory Education Act of 1870, and was avid for reading matter of a simple and miscellaneous character. The same type of public is better educated to-day, and though perhaps it may voice no effective demand for a change in its newspaper it may be prepared to meet that change if any newspaper proprietor has the courage to make it. If Parliament is to retain the respect of a democracy the parliamentary news of our popular Press must be more than a few cartoons and gossip paragraphs. Should Parliament not deserve the news space let it be allocated to the specialized bodies whose power and influence may to some extent have replaced it. If the Empire is to become a reality in the minds of the mass some consistent report of the activities and problems of the Dominions must be regularly presented. If the League of Nations is to be more than a formula generous reports of the main Committees must gain adequate publicity. Above all the world which

science is bringing daily into closer contact must be imaged not in items of sensation and intrigue but genuinely and sincerely with a regard to policies and to the men that affect them.

The new journalism has certainly conquered the old, and mechanically it is almost perfect. Yet at times it seems to be a wonderful mechanism almost entirely devoid of mind. The proprietor of the popular paper may say that he dare not omit the gossip and the articles and the personal paragraphs. There is no need for him to do so, for here I return to the argument with which I began. He has not increased his news columns to the extent that he has increased his advertisement columns and his revenue. Let him retain the old features and give us sober and reasoned news as well. He can afford to do so. There is, I believe, a new public that desires it. Has any proprietor or group the courage to take the plunge? Who can tell? Perhaps if they did the accountants who keep their net sales would be more busy than ever.

THE GREATEST OF DICTIONARIES

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR

THIS week the last section of the Oxford English Dictionary was published, and the immense task of presenting the whole of the English tongue, begun in 1884, has been carried successfully to an end. Johnson compared the description in Virgil of the entrance into Hell to the labours of a printing-house, and only those who know the difficulties of arrangement and accuracy in printing thousands of small details can realize the work behind the greatest of Dictionaries. The whole world should honour the achievement—alas! it is now largely the memory—of those Editors who struggled through letter after letter,

Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantéan, the load,
Well-nigh not to be borne,

of centuries of English, ranging from Chaucer to Sala, from Pater to the *English Gazetteer* and from the hard words of science to the gaiety of the "Spoonerism" and the "stony-broke." A greater trial than all these were those familiar elements in our vocabulary which have so many senses and occupy pages of close print. The Oxford Dictionary is a monument which will last when a thousand best-sellers are forgotten. It is the topmost peak of a long range of gloss-collectors and lexicographers whose work was neatly summarized by Sir James Murray more than 20 years since.* These pioneers—harmless drudges!—are now all forgotten, but it is pleasing to recall the fact that one of them was promoted by Queen Elizabeth to the bishopric of Lincoln. His wife burnt the notes of eight years on the ground that he would kill himself with study. She was a shrew, but he was persistent, and in another eight years produced a large folio. Quotations illustrating words and the analysis of meanings advanced with Johnson; but nothing in English till the Oxford Dictionary came into being could be regarded as approaching adequacy. It is a final authority to which every lover of English can and should appeal. It was not always "sheltered under academic bowers," for Murray, the first Editor, began at his "Scriptorium" in Mill Hill, a worker not so well supported as Johnson in Gough Square. Altogether, as a special number of the *Periodical*† tells us, the

* The Romanes Lecture, 1900. 'The Evolution of English Lexicography.' By James A. H. Murray. Clarendon Press. 2s.
† The *Periodical*. Vol. XIII, No. 143. 'The Oxford English Dictionary Completed.' Milford. Oxford University Press.

editorial staff were nearly fifty in number; and even with all their industry behind it, the Dictionary might not have been the wonder of accuracy that it is. Constant consulters of its pages have never come on a misprint, and they have learnt to be cautious before they declare that anything is missing, since what is sought may be under a different heading. The analysis of the varying meanings of words is a point in which the Dictionary easily surpasses all others. Its formidable array of quotations had to be arranged, as well as verified, and a glance at any word of wide meanings will show the labour involved. Thus the noun "mould" has 17 main headings and the verb "move" 28, more than three pages of small type with several illustrations for each usage. "Move," affect with emotion, begins in 1300, and the Parliamentary sense goes back to 1683. "Move on" in the policeman's sense begins in 1831, and here might be added poor Joe's complaint in 'Bleak House,' chap. 31: "I have been moved on, and moved on, more nor ever I was afore." The "motive" in music and literature, now so familiar, was, perhaps, introduced by De Quincey, who explains the use of the word 30 years before the Dictionary's earliest quotation. We can follow a word and its fortunes down the centuries and see it changing, rarely improving its sense, and often degraded. "Enthusiasm" is now a good word, but looking back to Disraeli's novels we find it dubious, applied to the wild schemes of Liberals. In the eighteenth century it is definitely a bad word, used of the ranting irregularities of Nonconformists and other disturbers of order. A church bell bears the inscription, "Prosperity to the Established Church and death to Enthusiasm." Johnson gives the meaning of the word in his day well enough, but he has vagaries elsewhere which the Oxford Dictionary has omitted. The curious definition of "sip" (verb and noun), which suggests that it means taking as much as the mouth can hold, is one of these. Johnson was, I think, influenced by one of his quotations, the

Sip with nymphs their elemental tea

of Pope. He could never get too much tea. The Dictionary has done a great deal to clear up derivations, which are often so surprising that they need substantiation. The word "danger," for instance, is a moral comment on the war. When Portia was confronted with Shylock, she said to Antonio,

You stand within his danger, do you not?

"Danger" here is the power to harm, but who without looking into the word would see *dominium*, that absolute power which leads to abuse of human life and right? The English like their liberty and hate mob-rule. So they have decided that a "demagogue," originally only a "leader of the people," should mean an "unprincipled or factious popular leader." The word has been first traced in this disparaging sense in 'Eikon Basilike,' though Aristophanes centuries before had told Athens what the leaders and flatterers of Demos were worth.

The vagaries of spelling recorded by the Dictionary are amazing and make one wonder how long it took to read a Tudor or Elizabethan letter. What would the reader without help make of these forms, "solepers," "cirples," "scherples," "serpelys," and "shorpells"—all varieties of the "surplice" of to-day? Who would readily find in "karkeis" a "carcase," or in "keruet" and "corwen" the verb "carve"? Sometimes an old spelling is deliberately revived by a master of English. Thus De Quincey in his 'Confessions of an Opium Eater' insists on spelling a filibuster "flibustier," because it was "so spelled as I spell it, among the grand old French and English buccaneers contemporary with our own admirable Dampier."

Questions of pronunciation are also of curious interest. Why has "invalid" (unwell) for so long

been pronounced in the French fashion, and thus separated from "invalid" in the common legal sense? We believe this distinction was the work of lawyers, who wished to persuade the ordinary and ignorant public that being "invalid" (in bad health) was no bar to producing a valid will. The regular formula of wills declares that the testator is in sound health and memory. It can be seen in Shakespeare's will, though he was almost certainly in bad health at the time. Enquiries of all sorts into words can now, thanks to the splendid resources of the Dictionary, begin on a sound basis of actual usage, instead of the casual suppositions of a "say-so," which is good old English for an "ipse dixit." Prof. Weekley has acknowledged his "immense debt" to the stores of learning which he supplements in his 'Words Ancient and Modern.' But the specialist, who is apt to know more and more about less and less, is not the most important person to be considered. It is the ordinary reading and (nowadays we must add) writing public that should profit especially by the Dictionary and better its standard of English all round. A few years ago Hardy lamented that English had never been so slipshod, and though an Englishman's ignorance is, like his castle, hard to attack, the case is not hopeless. The special number of the *Periodical* quotes a *SATURDAY Reviewer*, whose words I reproduce:

How many of the crowd who daily and weekly present millions of eyes with their ideas of English have ever sought to improve or correct their vocabulary by consulting this wonderful storehouse of our native language? How many authors would be less tenebrious (the adjective is Addison's) if they knew clearly what they had to say and took the trouble to find the right means of saying it. The business of analysing the senses of words is difficult, and the English language, which has borrowed so freely from so many sources, is full of traps. But this Dictionary, if writers would only consult it, makes everything as plain as it can be made, and, though it has the advantage, unknown to Johnson, of "being sheltered under academic bowers," it reveals none of the fads some people associate with the academic mind.

The Dictionary is now complete, the tireless labour of 40 years and more. People ought to be ashamed of the ignorance which comes from neglecting it. We expect in the future a race of talkers and writers of whom it can be said less frequently that their intentions are better than their English. It ought to be so. But however indifferent the Philistine may remain, we take off our hats to all concerned in this magnificent monument of the English language, which, in Johnson's words,

While it was employed in the cultivation of every species of literature, has itself been hitherto neglected; suffered to spread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance; resigned to the tyranny of time and fashion; and exposed to the corruptions of ignorance and caprices of innovation.

ELECTIONEERING

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

WE are within a week of Election Sunday, and all papers of whatever shade of opinion have trumpeted for months that no election ever approached this one in importance. Yet, when I left Paris for Easter there were hardly any signs of electioneering in the Cité where I live. The Police-Presidents of Berlin, who were visiting Paris, might well remark that there was no litter of political posters or circulars in the streets. The whole display in that ancient quarter of mine was limited to two or three posters trying to prove that a Socialist candidate of the name of Hernowitz was, in spite of the sound of these syllables, and in spite of the candidate's evident partiality for the ghetto-like streets behind the Hôtel de Ville, an excellent Frenchman. On Good Friday, however, one poster, near the Marché aux Fleurs, delighted my very soul, for I had become vague about

my own representative, and it was a relief to be reminded at last that I voted four years ago, and am expected to vote again on the twenty-second of April, for M. Le Corbeiller.

Down here, in that section of the Nord bordering on the Ardennes where I used to be as a boy, and where the politicians of those days used to revile one another so lustily, there is the same stagnation as in Paris. I had been rather excited by the news that no less a personage than M. Loucheur was condescending to contest our constituency. M. Loucheur may not always be in the limelight, but he is always within a few inches of that spot, and moreover he possesses his own radiance. He is, or is supposed to be, the richest man in France, as his nickname, Tout-en-Or, clearly hints, and he himself, taking all the bulls he sees by the horns, thrills village audiences by telling them that he is on the boards of fifty-two companies. He comes from Roubaix, about eighty miles further north, and everybody knows that although a brilliant student at the Ecole Polytechnique he is a self-made man. But people like to forget that a self-made man was not always what he is, and M. Loucheur, with his humour and outspokenness, is as popular as a popular duke.

This is not all. M. Loucheur is quite a person in this Republic. He was Minister of Munitions during the war, and used to dazzle his principal, M. Clemenceau, by the easy way in which he did what nobody else had been able to do before, and since then he has had considerable power. It seems only yesterday that my countrymen complained, with the short-sightedness of ignorance, that, through his influence, war indemnities had been lavished on industrialists or rich farmers, and dribbled on the rest of us. But since then the same influence has been at work in another direction. The cables of the powerful electricity company at Jeumont, twenty miles north, have been beautifying our streets for six or seven years, but, owing to some mysterious complication, none of the light they contained could be dispensed to our homes. When M. Loucheur decided about a year ago that he would run in these parts, a bright illumination of myriads of bulbs forecast the almost simultaneous illumination of electoral minds.

The consequence is that M. Loucheur need not bother about explaining that he is for Poincaré and the franc, all too naturally, and that he is also for M. Briand, Locarno and peace, as a delegate to Geneva ought to be; he need not bother about explaining anything. One solitary poster on the main square, under the zinc umbrella where the orchestra sits during the summer balls, displays his name in red letters; you will look in vain elsewhere for symptoms of an imminent crisis in the destinies of this country.

I knew that so far the local deputy was a Socialist of the name of Coppeaux, an ungrammatical grocer from the next little town. But Coppeaux's name appears nowhere, and his defeat is so certain that I began to feel sympathy for him until I heard from authoritative quarters that the grocer in him had been wiser than the politician, and several profitable farms, bought just on the other side of the border and consequently outside the ken of the French Ministry of Finance were sure to save him a broken heart when he retires from public life to a quieter existence.

Honest Coppeaux seems to be one of many—no one is in such an enviable position as M. Blum, the Socialist leader, whose beautiful house I always admire when I stroll along the boulevard Montparnasse—and oh! what a gulf there is between these comfortable Socialists of to-day and those of the Millerand-Briand type who terrified us thirty years ago! Finished are the poor Socialists, finished and rich. Not a trace of Coppeaux anywhere. Eaten up, engulfed by prosperity. Secretly, the bourgeois begins to regret it.

But what about the rising party, the formidable Communists? Not a sign. I enquired and enquired, to no purpose. In the train down from Paris I was

reading the *Humanité*, somewhat to the discomfort of my fellow-passengers, and found a glowing account of a meeting in this very town—the name of which had been painfully disfigured—at which the *camarade* Devernay had left not a limb of the vampire Tout-en-Or. On further enquiries it turned out that the aforesaid meeting was organized by Tout-en-Or himself. And was Devernay the Communist candidate? To this plain question a satisfactory answer could not be given. I had to carry my investigation to the very Mairie to be told that not at all, the Communist candidate was a gentleman of the name of Saraison, the son of a colonel, a man of quiet elegant speech, formed in the best Moscow schools of oratory, and studiously moderate. I became interested, but had to give up my hope of an interview, when told that *le camarade* was not coming to defend his candidature; one person said because he was in gaol for a month, but another person denied this. This is the vague atmosphere in which the election will take place. Most electors whom I try to cross-examine shrug their shoulders and show me their newly-bought radio.

What do I think? I think that the automobile and the radio are more important to this generation than elections. I also think that these indifferent people probably keep cherished somewhere some slogan—"Order is Disorder," I imagine—which means wisdom under its most probable shape, or, having seen for two years a Radical Chamber supporting Poincaré, have made up their minds never to worry again.

SCIENTISTS—AND US

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I HAVE just finished reading several recent volumes of essays on scientific subjects. These were all volumes addressed to the general public. If they had not been, I do not suppose I should have been able to read them. They were "science for the million" and I was one of the million. The authors make this plain, and indeed I think they are inclined to make it too plain. "We are doing our best for you laymen," they declare, in their own hearty fashion. They would do well to keep out that word "laymen," which reminds us too forcibly of theology in its ironclad days; and science should take care not to remind us of theology. It is, too, a question of manners. Even those of us who write books about literature or music or art have at times to address a very wide public and know that we cannot hope for much knowledge of the subject in our readers, but as a rule we have sufficient tact not to lay stress on the fact that for once we are exiling ourselves from our own charmed circle.

I find that the authors of popular science books are rather lacking in this kind of tact. They step down to our common level a little too ostentatiously. They are inclined to forget that they are addressing us as men and brothers. Science is open and free to everybody—that is one of its glories—and I for one delight in the attacks these scientific essayists make on whatever is rigid and pontifical; but whenever they overlook good manners, a shadow falls across their pages, perhaps the shadow of a college of theologians, and the old protestants, the non-conformists, in my blood begin to stir uneasily.

Another weakness of these writers is their assumption that they alone are "the tough-minded." They seem to see those of us whose main concern is with literature and art as people

lounging in cosy little painted chambers of sentiment and pretty legend. They approach us as if they were dentists. "Now then," they cry, not without solicitude but a trifle complacently, "I'll give you as little pain as I can. But there must be some pain, of course. Still, it will be all over in a moment. And if you were in any other hands but mine, it would be very painful indeed. Now then, be a man!" I can only assure them that though they may feel like dentists, I for my part do not feel like a man with raging toothache. They are no more tough-minded than I am. When I read them, I have no sensation of being dragged out of cosy little painted chambers into wide space, nipping east winds. Indeed, these recent works of theirs have just given me an altogether different experience, a pleasant feeling of rest and escape, and I put this on record in all frankness and not merely to score a debating point. Their innumerable curious facts, their exciting theories, have given me a little holiday. They have allowed me to escape for a season from that world that literature concerns itself with, the inner life, the private hopes and fears, the secret desires, the splendid and terrible world of personal relations, compared with which the world of science is as Kew Gardens to a jungle.

I read a certain novel. It is, we will say, the work of a middle-aged female whose views are such that our scientific essayists could only approach her with the tears starting out of their eyes at the thought of her pathetic ignorance. Probably she believes that the earth is the centre of the universe and that mankind was a special creation. Nevertheless, her piece of fiction is so contrived that it leaves me with the conviction that I am an unpleasant egoist, that much of my behaviour is ridiculous, that my wife at times must want to scream at my childishness. A clear beam of light has been thrown into the inner life. These revelations cannot easily be ignored; I am troubled, fearful, contrite, dismayed. To the scientific essayist such a piece of fiction may seem a mere pretty toy, something with which to spend an odd hour or two in the evening, but it is obviously useless for me to pretend to any such attitude towards it. It is when I escape from the inner life altogether, in reading the scientists' facts and theories, that at last I begin to feel free and easy. When they tell me that this earth is only a tiny septic cinder, that the sun may divide into two to-morrow and roast us all in a few minutes, that my consciousness depends upon the chemical condition of my brain, I am more entertained than shocked or dismayed. The sharp woman novelist, insinuating that I and my like are ridiculous egoists and making hay of my personal relations, is a far more terrifying person to encounter than the most ruthless physicist or bio-chemist. I find it pleasant easy going in this other world of impersonal theories and facts.

There are a few people here and there who are sufficiently versatile to move in both worlds. The genius of Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, has enabled him to build a kind of bridge between the outer world of science and the inner life that belongs to literature, and in some of his best works you may see him running backwards and forwards across this bridge. It would be interesting to learn from him which world seemed the

more exacting, bewildering, terrifying, though indeed we can supply his answer ourselves by examining his works. How gaily and confidently he moves once he enters the world of science! How he stares and wonders and stumbles—as we all do—when he leaves it for that world of the inner life which provides the material for literature!

Therefore I suggest that these excellent authors of popular scientific works should moderate their tone a little. Their notion of public susceptibility, the general capacity for being shocked, is curiously old-fashioned. They forget that these are days of difficulty and doubt for everybody, that they are fifty years too late to imagine that they are trampling into some tiny golden age. At the same time these scientific writers would also draw nearer to us and make more converts if they were a shade less confident and dogmatic about everything. Among the books I have been reading recently is 'Possible Worlds,' by Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, and it is a very good book indeed, one that everybody should read. Mr. Haldane has immense knowledge; he has imagination, humour, kindness, and vast stores of common sense; and I for one am perfectly ready to vote him straight into the Cabinet for any office he chooses to accept. But I wish he were a shade less confident. "Cocky" is an unpleasant word, but I am afraid there are times when it could justly be applied to Mr. Haldane. Perhaps there is something in biology that makes a man feel that he at least is really behind the scenes in this life. I have noticed that when Mr. Wells denounces all his fellow-creatures as a set of idlers and muddlers, he still makes an exception of the biologists. They are clearly not as other men are, these biologists. But once again I suggest they are wanting a little in tact. They should not be so inhumanly certain about everything. Even if they are convinced that no mistakes are possible, they should try to write as if an occasional error might make its appearance in their theories and measurements. This would give us a fellow-feeling.

We all have our snobberies. Some of us are emotional snobs; unless people can share our fine feelings, they seem to us to be mere outsiders. The scientific authors I have been reading are not entirely free from snobbery. Theirs are the snobberies of space and time. The first, that of space, is the less important. It leaves them, however, rather too impressed by mere size. They are always pointing out that the earth is a poor sort of little planet, the sun a miserable fifth-rate star, and the pair of them a long way from anywhere. It does us good to be told this once or twice, but there can easily be too much of it. The sun and the earth may not be very big, but we do know that between them they have produced some astonishing and gratifying results, including the observatories themselves. Size is not everything; we do not find whales and elephants being made Fellows of the Royal Society. The snobbery of time is more serious. It is to be discovered even in the mere title of Mr. Wells's latest book (and a capital book it is too)—'The Way the World is Going.' Instead of saying that it would be much better if men did so-and-so, and then giving

their reasons, these writers have a trick of declaring that "In fifty years' time men will be doing so-and-so," thereby suggesting that if you don't hurry up and agree about this, you won't be in the fashion. This is an irritating trick, which breeds opposition. Either we tell ourselves that whether men will do so-and-so in fifty years' time or not, we are not going to do it now; or we are so crushed by this rigid determinism that we feel there is nothing to do but lie back and await the outcome of things, for if men are going to do this, they are going to do it, and there is an end of the matter. All that these writers really mean is that it would be much better if we decided to behave in the way they want us to behave. And, nine times out of ten, I agree with them.

I like the way in which these men with scientific training regard human conduct, public affairs. I think we should all be much happier if we could hand over the mechanics of life to them, if we would let them decide how we should sleep and eat and work and rest, if men of their stamp could take the places of lawyers, rhetoricians, newspaper proprietors, and busybodies, in the control of our affairs. It is because I find myself agreeing and applauding that I venture to protest against these little faults in manner, these failures in tact. I want everybody to agree and applaud.

THE THEATRE

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

BY IVOR BROWN

The Moscow Art Theatre in Repertory. Groupe de Prague. The Garrick Theatre. Thunder in the Air. By Robins Millar. The Duke of York's Theatre.

THE Moscow Art Theatre is at present in Moscow, and it would have been better had the identity of the Prague Group been more clearly defined from the first. We hoped to see Stanislavsky's team and were disappointed. However, Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out would still be a considerable matter, and the Moscow Art Theatre, coming to us without Stanislavsky either as actor or producer, is not to be overlooked because we regret the absence of a master. It is nearly five years since I saw Stanislavsky's team in Paris with Madame Chekhova playing the rôle of Raïenskaia in 'The Cherry Orchard,' and the memory of that night is imperishable. The same piece was given last week at the Garrick Theatre by the Prague Group, and it would be absurd to say that it was done as well. Germanova, in Chekhova's part, failed in pathos and became theatrical in the last scene. Theatricalism, the skyward glance, the dragged intonation—these are the very things that Stanislavsky fought. When Chekhova made that terrible exit it was as though a leaf had fallen in the orchard, so quietly and naturally did she slip away from the loved and ruined home. It was just this physical quietude that gave such an impetus to its emotional attack. A leaf had fallen and a universe with it; the axe was being levelled at the cherry-trees and at the entire scheme of things. Germanova with her too deliberate emphasis on despair only diminishes pathos, and her departure is less moving than that of old Gaiev, who goes out pocketing his emotion like the billiard-balls which have been the darlings of his dalliance in the crumbling house.

But there is the same, the splendid laughter of the Stanislavsky production. The Russians can act high spirits and they can act affection. In our plays of the moment there seems to be only a brittle species of desire; friendship is left out, and the domestic cordiality which sprays the first act of 'The Cherry Orchard' with its bubbles of hilarity and its jet of affectionate excitement is a thing that seems completely strange and completely delightful on our sex-ridden stage. The arrival of Madame is an admirable crescendo of nervous animation; all the acting becomes merged in one stream of expectation which tumbles on to become the rapids of ecstasy; one cannot consider it as so many parts, so many lines, or so many fragments of "business." The mechanics of stage-effect are all so perfectly controlled that they become invisible, and only the organic unity of a domestic interior remains to be looked on; the presentation defies analysis of the ordinary critical order. You cannot stop to think who is acting well or who better, since your mind is caught in the current of continuity, gladly surrenders to that flow of soul, and must do its rational feasting later on when emotion is restored by memory and graced with gratitude.

How quick it all is! Quick partly in our modern sense of speed, but quick too in its actuality of animation. Such acting withdraws you from all the circumstance of play-going; you are no longer in stall or pit with troublesome neighbours, no longer a spy peeping through the casement of a fourth wall, but an inmate of a house where they speak a tongue completely alien to your ear and yet are articulate in a language readily apprehended by your mind. You do not find Tartars when you scratch these Russians, but cousins and aunts and such serving-maids as titter in back kitchens when milkmen are pert or butcher-boys are jocund with the spring. I know that I have met the eager, babbling Ania and the self-restraining Varia (self may be a lioness but she tames it) and the maid who does not even have her name on the programme, but is now as quick in my mind as any of the others. I have met them with other names and in English villages where Samovar and Samothrace are all one mystery of the distant, un-English and unbelievable lands. Were these parts to be played by English actors in the English tongue you would think it all very alien; when they are spoken by Russians in the Russian tongue you suddenly discover how English it all is. Except, perhaps, in the democratic flow of life beside that orchard. Is it only in countries with a caste system so firmly established as in pre-war Russia that Jack can tread a measure in his master's parlour, swill claret-cup with Jill or with my lady, and make all domestic triumphs or calamities his own?

It was Stanislavsky who said that there are no bad parts; there are only bad actors. The Prague Group is true to the Moscow tradition in demanding that the last shall be first. No handler of a tea-cup but must wear the signs of command on her livery; no footman's entry must be less than a masterpiece. To that high ambition the Group strives worthily, and the staff of Madame, from Firs downwards, are as vivid as any of the larger folk. Firs himself is magnificent, but I cannot begin to discriminate. The Prague Group has enough of the Moscow tradition to establish that shading in its stage-pictures which Stanislavsky has refined to perfection. Theirs is not team-work only in the sense of good movements and good timing; what one particularly watches is the play of emotion on those characters who are not actually engaged in the dialogue. Where an English small-part actor would stand and wait, these stand and act. I hope that the Group will play 'The Cherry Orchard' again. It is a play with which many people are acquainted; it is a theme with which we ourselves are pitifully suffering. Lopakhin is abroad in the land and the axe rings out in our orchards. Let us have amid our loss the com-

pensation of such poetry as this play and this acting can bring.

Mr. Robins Millar has been greatly acclaimed. A year or two ago I read a piece of his called 'The Shawlie,' a Scottish dialect comedy which had a delightful tang of reality. 'Thunder in the Air' is a different matter and, to me, disappointing. Its subject alone should make it a success, since in these days the question of immortality seems to be more immediate than ever, and the soldier home from the grave is still every family's concern. Mr. Millar dramatizes the belief that immortality depends on memory: the soldier, who had been a waster, had lost his commission, and had shot himself, appears in the guise in which the various members of his family and his other friends remember him. I can imagine that Mr. Millar's fantasy had more quality in the text than is left in the performance, for it is very clumsily produced and acted. Thus what should march with austerity either lurches towards sentimentality or else grounds heavily on melodrama. The business with the pagan mask on the wall, whose eyes burn green like those of the god in the recitation, is inexcusably silly, and drags the whole affair down to the crook-play level. Furthermore, why must there be a thunderstorm to help the dead hither? That species of atmospheric is not worthy of a great theme. Mr. Robert Haslam played the ghost's part extremely well, and on the side of the quick, Miss Grizelda Hervey acted with distinction. Otherwise there was continual over-emphasis by a company which frequently lined itself in front of the footlights as though to project a musical comedy at our heads. Mr. Millar is not to blame for these crudities of execution. I hazard the suggestion that this is a play whose finer edge has been blunted in the rough usage of presentation. But, in any case, there are some dreadful things in the dialogue. Ponder upon a small child (pre-war) who requests his mother to be "a peach of a pal."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE name of Bach figures largely in the supplements issued by the H.M.V. and Columbia Companies this month. The first record I put on was of a Sinfonia played by the Amsterdam Orchestra under Willem Mengelberg (Columbia). The result was disconcerting, for instead of the woven patterns I had expected, I heard music of the homophonic style, obviously not written by J. S. Bach, and as obviously written during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Yet the record is labelled "Bach" *tout court*, and that means to the average man John Sebastian. Without pretending to sufficient scholarship to allot an unknown piece to any one of John Sebastian's sons, I venture to guess that this very delightful Sinfonia, which is well played and recorded, is by John Christian Bach, the youngest of the family, who made his home in London. He was the one who taught Mozart as a boy, and how much closer his style is to that of his younger contemporary than to his father's will be evident to anyone who listens to this record.

The J. S. Bach records include two airs sung by Elisabeth Schumann, 'Es ist vollbracht' from Cantata No. 159, and 'Aus Liebe will mein Heiland' from the 'St. Matthew Passion' (H.M.V.). Mme. Schumann's singing is not free from faults, which are more apparent when she is not present to disguise them beneath the charm of her personality. These faults are, however, quite outbalanced by the beauty of her voice and her very musical singing. In the air from the Cantata Mr. Léon Goossens plays the oboe *obbligato*, and that alone is worth hearing. The same company has issued two unaccompanied choral pieces by J. S. Bach arranged by Wüllner (whoever he may be), and excellently sung by the Bach Cantata

Club under C. Kennedy Scott. Choral records still leave something to be desired. The tone is hoarse and hollow, and, though there is a good blend between the voices, the individual parts do not stand out enough. The Bach records are completed by two Chorale Preludes played on the pianoforte by Harriet Cohen (Columbia).

The operatic selections include the duet between Don José and Micaela from Act I of 'Carmen,' sung by Fanny Heldy and Fernand Anseau, and the 'Habanera' sung in German with the chorus by Maria Olczewska. The two ladies are making their debut with the Gramophone Company on these records. I hope they will do more credit to their very considerable reputations in the future. The 'Habanera' record is good from the point of view of the balance between solo, chorus and orchestra, and would be first-rate if only Carmen's intonation were more sure. Chaliapin has recorded for the same company Rimsky-Korsakov's 'The Prophet' and the 'Volga Boatmen's Song' arranged by Koenemann. The latter of these has a dreadful accompaniment, in which the most commonplace kind of "imitation" and a tiresome *basso ostinato* figure. I cannot say whether Rimsky-Korsakov's is a good song, as I do not happen to know what it is about, but Chaliapin makes it very thrilling and dramatic.

H.M.V. have issued three bell records, which are remarkably successful. One is of the York Minster bells, on which the changes are rung by the local society. The result is naturally a little monotonous, but the tone of "Great Peter" is very impressive. The other records of melodies played on the Loughborough Carillon by Mr. W. E. Jordan are also very faithful.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—112

SET BY IVOR BROWN

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best additional stanza to Herrick's 'Corinna's Going A-Maying.' Herrick's prophetic power was shown by his invitation to "mark, How each field turns a street, each street a park," and the new stanza should follow up this suggestion by bidding Corinna join the poet for a May-day run in his new Pegasus sports model.*

B. *A special tribute to Shakespeare's birthday is due in the year which has given us Macbeth in modern clothes. It has been deemed wise to rescue the Bible from its antiquated English and to translate it into terms which can be understood in a modern business community. We can do no less for Shakespeare and accordingly we offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best translation into post-war stage-prose of the following passage from 'Troilus and Cressida,' Act IV, Scene iv.*

TRO. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

CRES. O heavens!—be true, again?

TRO. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise.
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

CRES. O heavens! you love me not.

TRO. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

CRES. Do you think I will?

TRO. No.

*But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.*

RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 112A, or LITERARY 112B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, April 30, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of May 5.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 110

SET BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best ballade on the adventures of Evelyn, the bear, who has been for a week or more at liberty on the Sussex Downs. The refrain must be: "I find no hint of honey on this Down."*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best suggestion for a letter written by Soames Forsyte, Esq., to Mr. Galsworthy's solicitors, complaining that his attention has just been drawn, through a review in a provincial newspaper, to the fact that an unwarrantable use has been made of his name in certain recent works of fiction. Give also the solicitors' reply. Neither letter should contain more than 200 words.*

We have received the following report from Mr. Wilkinson with which we concur, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. WILKINSON

110A. The entries for this competition were numerous and good, but all so near to the average that it was extremely difficult to place them in order of merit. There were some obvious faults—which, again, they all shared—such as a certain lack of raciness, of narrative, and of those Sussex place-names which one had hoped to see. But I believe these defects were largely due to my own action (ill-considered, perhaps) in setting a refrain of ten syllables. One competitor deduced from this that he must give ten lines in each stanza and five in the envoy. Another abandoned the ballade form altogether, and gave us a lively account of the bear's adventures in a metre of his own. He got in the place-names all right, but I do not see how I can recommend him for a prize. On the whole, I cannot help thinking that we might have been told a little more about what happened to the bear, even in lines of ten syllables.

I recommend Edward Goodwill for the first prize and Wanderer for the second. Others who deserve honourable mention are Lester Ralph, M. R. Williamson, and P. R. Bennett. H. C. M., also, made an admirable start, but rather faded out towards the end—somewhat as poor Evelyn has! However, a special prize of half a guinea is awarded him. Will

he and Wanderer send their respective addresses to the Editor?

FIRST PRIZE

In Brighton clocks are striking half-past-five,
In Worthing men are going home to tea;
The table will be spread when they arrive
With cakes and buns in their variety
And jam, or that sweet product of the bee,
Delightful honey, the repast to crown.
Ah, would some friend might bring a jar to me!
I find no hint of honey on this Down.

When I from weary bondage did contrive
To steal away to lovely liberty,
Methought how merrily I'd live, and thrive,
Like John the Baptist in his ministry,
On locusts and wild honey. There's no tree
That looks like bearing locusts, and I own
That though I've searched from Horsham to the
sea
I find no hint of honey on this Down.

And so a weary, hungry fugitive
I roam the hills. If this is called being free,
Welcome again the collar and the gyve!
Welcome the chain and pole of slavery,
The slothful day void of anxiety,
The easy night, the plates of golden-brown
Molasses and the buns of Charity!
I find no hint of honey on this Down.

Sweet lords and ladies, riding merrily
In cars and chasabancs from London Town,
What is there here to fill your hearts with glee?
I find no hint of honey on this Down.

EDWARD GOODWILL

SECOND PRIZE

Lured by wild tales of energetic bees
That cull the sweetness of each Downland flower
I thought to break my bonds and take my ease
Tasting all sweetness, in one honey'd hour.
As Eve for apples, I for honey, fell,
Now Evelyn's world (like Eve's) grows dull and brown.
A horrid hunger fills my empty shell,
I find no hint of honey on this Down.

I've rambled round, from Rottingdean to Rye
Down Burwash lanes I've sought the Jungle's friend;
Chased by Patrols, I've lurked at Brambleye
('Twas true my wanderings nearly had an end.)
In Clayton Woods I thought "At last, 'tis well
Here Heaven will send me honey—sweet and brown";
Illusion held me in its sticky spell—
I find no hint of honey on this Down.

No more the thought of sweetness stirs my soul,
Evelyn's for home—a sadder bear—and thinner!
Making straight tracks for one appointed goal
Stirred by one question only—"Where's my dinner"?
Lean days forgotten, rapidly I'll swell
And straitly fill my coat, from claw to crown—
Methinks these Sussex hills are kin to hell;
I find no hint of honey on this Down.

Oh bears, who lead a life of cushioned ease
In Sussex Zoos—or that of London town,
'Ware Freedom's Sweetness—'tis a lying wheeze.
I find no hint of honey on this Down.

WANDERER

110B. There were not many entries for this competition, and I cannot on my conscience recommend any of them for a prize. No doubt they are very much like the letter that a man of the type of Soames Forsyte would really have written in the circumstances. It is still more likely that the reply of Mr. Galsworthy's lawyers would, in actual fact, have been colourless and dull. They would probably have acknowledged receipt of his letter, noted its contents, and left him to make the next move—as one competitor makes them do. But we might surely have expected, with a little luck, to get a certain amount of unconscious humour out of this correspondence.

BACK NUMBERS—LXIX

STANLEY WEYMAN, whose recent death ends what in favourably reviewing him in 1894 the SATURDAY called "the steady progress" of historical romance, had some unexpected admirers. Thus Oscar Wilde, in prison, concerned about the quality of the fiction supplied to the convicts, said that he would like them to have, among other things, romances by the author of 'A Gentleman of France.' The schoolboys of a generation ago adored him only a little less than they adored Dumas and Stevenson, or perhaps a little more than they adored Stevenson, whose preoccupation with style was not altogether pleasing to them. All sorts of lettered and half-lettered persons relaxed over the earlier books of Weyman. And then something happened. What it was is not quite clear to me. I have heard or read that the rise of Merriman was injurious to his great popularity; also that Weyman's change of subject and historical period annoyed readers who expected an interminable succession of French historical romances. Whatever the explanation, Weyman ceased to matter quite so much even to the very young.

One need not enquire very closely into the matter, for he was not in any strict sense an artist in literature. But what he did in his early narrow vein was done very competently, and with the zest of one who was fresh from the delight of discovering all that memoir material. Just there, probably, is the secret of the pleasure he gave readers not particularly eager to read "for the story" and well enough aware that he could offer them none of the felicities which Stevenson had encouraged them to expect in the tale of adventure and which, in their way and degree, Q. and Anthony Hope also provided. Weyman really had been thrilled by his, it is understood almost entirely accidental, encounter with old French memoirs. He came to us, thirty years ago, like a man who breaks in on a company with flushed face, bright eyes, and "Oh, but you must hear this!" What he had so enjoyed he enabled us to enjoy.

When he had done with that material, he was, I take it, in the position of the ordinary novelist without possessing the complete equipment. To the novelist proper a period is no more than a period; he knows human nature as a thing unchanging in essentials, and his interest in it does not wax and wane because human passions are manifested in the costume of this period rather than the costume of that. But Weyman, I suppose, really needed the cape and sword and the old French setting; as, for his dialogue, he needed the convention whereby something "not the natural speech of persons in any situation" passes in historical romances as natural. Again, he needed certain conventional situations in which to place hero and heroine—situations not plausible in modern life.

Perhaps if one were now to take up an early Stanley Weyman one would be irritated by the scornful heroine, the misunderstood soldier of fortune who serves her loyally and with little hope of having his reputation cleared; but such persons have seemed eminently interesting to a then ingenuous reader, and even now he would say that Weyman was right in sticking to simply characterized dramatic personæ and in using without apology the traditional properties. In the kind of romances he began by writing we want the readily recognizable, so that we may be carried forward by the narrative without pausing for scrutiny of people and things too

elaborately differentiated from their kind. The soldier of fortune should be quite obviously of his type; the inn of lucky or unlucky encounters should be the stock inn, complete with cheerful or sinister host and bustling, saucy maid, true to their types but not made highly individual. And a plain way of writing, with a frank reliance on the usual means of securing emphasis, will best serve the purpose. Stevenson was on the wrong track in his endeavour, gallant as it was and on occasion highly rewarded, to make what is really not æsthetic in its appeal a finished piece of writing.

To invoke authority with a full sense of the pomposity of the proceeding in this context, Walter Pater has told us that all art proceeds from curiosity and the desire of beauty. Now in that far from pure form of art, fiction, there is seldom a serious and sustained appeal to our sense of beauty; and if there is not to be that, why, it is well to have done with all pretence and let the story appeal simply to our curiosity to know what happened next. Work which does so will not necessarily be scorned by the most fastidious; and indeed, though no man of fine taste in poetry will be found relaxing over the writers of verse who reach "the great heart of the public," nothing is commoner than to observe the most æsthetic persons rejoicing over stories of adventure. The admirers of Dumas include every kind of reader conceivable, and it is not the high-browed who enjoy him least. And Weyman's admirers, as I began by saying, have included some people not at all likely, on the face of things, to go after best-sellers.

A drama or two was made out of his romances, and I have a dim memory of seeing, I suppose in 1896, 'Under the Red Robe' done at, it must have been, the Haymarket, with Mr. Cyril Maude as the swaggering and discomfited officer, and someone whose name cannot be recalled as the swaggering and invincible soldier of fortune. There was a measure of picturesqueness; there was the proper beginning, with a cry of "Marked cards," and a duel; but one resented seeing the personages of the book taken out from between its covers, where one accepted them with "a willing suspension of disbelief," and set before one in improbable flesh-and-blood. Which is saying something for Stanley Weyman as a writer. He did, after all, make in his earlier books an atmosphere appropriate to the characters and the action, and great as was his obligation to his sources, it was not so easy a task to transfer that atmosphere from the memoirs to the romance.

He is gone, and Q. has long been about other business, and H. B. Marriott-Watson, who had a pretty way in dealing with highwaymen, died some years ago, and Anthony Hope does not revisit Ruritania, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has nothing more to tell us about Brigadier Gerard. No doubt in some sort all these have successors; but except for the murder and detective story, seldom produced more amply or with more skill than to-day, we are fallen on evil days as regards stories to read when the mind is tired. In 1896, in a notice of 'Under the Red Robe,' the SATURDAY was not quite grateful enough. It insisted that he, with so few books done, was already repeating himself, that there was "a want of proportion in the episodes," that the stratagems were too complicated. Would there were nothing worse to grumble at in to-day's novels of adventure! Would that their authors had Weyman's instinct for finding rich historical material in memoirs and using it discreetly.

STET.

REVIEWS

THOMAS HARDY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Short Stories of Thomas Hardy. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

IT is not improbable that, if he had lived only a few years longer, Hardy would have fallen into a temporary and, so to speak, corrective neglect similar to that which overtook Wordsworth towards the end of his life. "I remember," says Matthew Arnold, "hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honour to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country." These periods of reaction do play their parts in fixing the reputations of great men. It may be regrettable that we cannot always be impassively wise, that we cannot prevent ourselves, even in the enjoyment of literature, from swinging from extreme to extreme, from over-appreciation to over-depreciation. But so it is. The swing of the pendulum works here as elsewhere, and it takes some time to come to rest—if in matters of literature it ever does. The reaction against Hardy was delayed by the fact that he went on for so long periodically doing something new and exciting. It has, of course, been still further postponed by his death. But something like a shadow of it has been with us for some time—I mean a tendency to exalt his poems at the expense of his prose works.

The competition between them, owing to the peculiar nature of his career, was almost like the competition between two different authors—like the competition, conducted by their admirers, between, say, Dickens and Thackeray or Tennyson and Browning. He himself was at pains to emphasize the fact that he had, at a certain date, closed one career and begun another. "Prose, so many years: poetry, so many years"—thus, or something like it, ran his self-explanation in the reference books. It is further true to say that he conveyed the impression that he himself thought far less highly of his prose than of his poetry. He would, if he could, have been, from the beginning and throughout, a poet, not a novelist. He deferred to the necessity of making a living and the shadow of that renunciation lies over the whole of his work in fiction. He did not object to the fundamental alteration of his novels when their natural development made them difficult as serials. To one of the tales in this volume he appended in 1912 the following instructive little note:

The ending of this story with the marriage of Lizzy and the minister was almost *de rigueur* in an English magazine at the time of writing. But at this late date, thirty years after, it may not be amiss to give the ending that would have been preferred by the writer to the convention used above. Moreover, it corresponds more closely with the true incidents of which the tale is a vague and flickering shadow. Lizzy did not, in fact, marry the minister, but—much to her credit in the author's opinion—stuck to Jim the smuggler, and emigrated with him after their marriage.

The result of this compromise is rather amusing when one surveys it in irreverent mood. Hardy was the reverse of Dr. Johnson's acquaintance—he tried to write stories with happy endings for the magazines, but dismalness would keep creeping in. Nor need one look at the result only in irreverence. It is a triumph for Hardy's genius that with such a market to cater for and with so humble a resolve to bow to its dictates he nevertheless preserved his artistic integrity so substantially over so long a period.

He was able to do this, nay, he was compelled to do this, because he was all of a piece. His view of life was what it was and nothing he or anyone else

was able to do could alter it. It might with difficulty be modified for a moment but its natural resilience restored it the next. Some sense of this is, perhaps, part of the secret of his power over the reader. Even where one cannot help feeling that he is accumulating the agonies with an intolerable mercilessness, there is still a touch of the inevitable about it that compels admiration. Life, one thinks, must have shrunk from this, but Thomas Hardy could do no other. The concessions he made in his fiction matter not at all; they are few and inessential.

Further, as he is all of a piece in his attitude to life, so he is all of a piece as a poet and a novelist.

This does not mean that he is all of a piece as a writer. Here again a comparison with Wordsworth is not out of place. Surely, beyond these two, there never was another writer so great who could on occasion write so badly. There are two voices. . . But with Hardy, the second voice is not that of "an old half-witted sheep." It is that of a character in one of his own stories—a prosperous middle-class gentleman in a small country town who has made a somewhat unhappy marriage but consoles himself aloofly and respectably with what is acknowledged to be the best literature. He did not, apparently, know when he was writing like a great genius and when he was writing like a mid-Victorian hack novelist. It is easy to find the two different notes in the successive sentences: "The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy." Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside-out like umbrellas." What on earth are arrows, appropriate enough under their own name in this vivid description, doing in the masquerade of "the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy"? The answer (and "Senlac" gives it us) is that a respectable gentleman resident in the town of Dorchester had been reading those works of history which were at that time accepted as necessary for the solidly cultured person. The same individual refers, a sentence or two later, to Shepherd Fennel as "that cheerful rustic."

But Thomas Hardy dominates this story as all the others and continually reminds us that he is a great writer of fiction, though he may occasionally handle words with all the maladroitness of another novelist who also passed later on to another form of composition—I mean that highly Victorian novelist, Mr. Bernard Shaw. How marvellously do even the minor characters come to life in 'The Three Strangers'! "An elderly engaged man of fifty or upward" becomes a visible person for the reader in no more than those eight words.

It should be remarked that Hardy has also this in common with Wordsworth, that his most devoted admirers do him, sometimes unwillingly and knowing their sin, some harm by taking a perverse pleasure in him at his most immoderate. I confess to a feeling of this sort when, to the curate in 'For Conscience' Sake,' a resemblance between a girl and the man who must not be known as her father is revealed by a joint attack of sea-sickness, and her happiness is thereby threatened. No one, I exclaim, but my Hardy could have thought of this. No other, indeed, could have worked out with so much ruthlessness the theme of the story, which describes the damage done by a man who seeks to quiet his conscience by making amends for an early wrong-doing. But I should not put forward in argument a piece which is treasured by those with whom there is no need to argue simply because it contains in a pungently strong essence Hardy's oddity as well as his genius. There will always be those, I think, who are led by way of the genius to love the oddity as well. But impartial judgment of the genius must for some time yet await the result of successive reactions this way and that.

THE TRAGEDY OF GALLIPOLI

The Uncensored Dardanelles. By E. Ashmead-Bartlett. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE most casual student of recent military history can hardly have failed to observe that singular and ingrained habit of the British nation of congratulating itself upon its failures rather than upon its successes, upon its retreats instead of upon its advances. The habit has this much excuse—that the magnificent fighting quality of the British infantry has usually been seen at its best in defence and in retreat. But it can be overdone. We hear of "Mons heroes," never of Marne heroes; of "Townshend of Kut," seldom of Maude of Baghdad. And when it comes to congratulating ourselves upon the Gallipoli campaign—boasting of the large Turkish army "nailed down" on the peninsula and of the fact that we eventually re-embarked without the loss of a man—it seems time to pause and remind ourselves that this Gallipoli business was, from our point of view, the greatest muddle and the greatest tragedy of the whole war. This book, by Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, who was the special correspondent (appointed by the Newspaper Proprietors' Association) with the Dardanelles Expeditionary Force, serves the purpose of such a reminder.

Some of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's grumbles seem less important to-day than they doubtless did to him when he jotted them down in his personal diary, upon which this book is based. We are not seriously perturbed to think of his being kept hanging about, first on one ship then on another, instead of being admitted to the firing line where all the best "copy" was. We are more amused than indignant when he tells us how Sir Ian Hamilton would deliberately hold up his brightest dispatches until his (Sir Ian's) reports had had time to get through to London and into print. The British Commander in the Dardanelles was, as Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett says, "notoriously fond of writing." It was a competition between two journalists; and naturally the one who controlled the censorship scored. It is impossible not to feel mildly sorry for the newspaper man, compelled to write optimistic accounts of the most palpable and sanguinary failures. After Suvla he notes in his diary:

I spent the whole day trying to minimize our defeat, an almost impossible task. It is easy enough to write up a success, but it would defy the genius of Ananias to make a victory out of this affair, either at Helles, Anzac or Suvla. We have landed again and dug another graveyard. That is all.

Yet if one thing is more certain than another, it is that there will be an equally severe censorship of newspaper messages in the next war. The censorship in Gallipoli and Egypt was the most savage and ridiculous in the whole war. General Maxwell, the G.O.C. in Egypt, had to be referred to in the local papers as "Mr. Maxwell," because of his own rule against the mention of any military rank; and there were many similar absurdities. But there was no public opinion behind the demand that journalists should be allowed to tell the whole brutal truth. Nor does Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett appear to have been particularly tactful in his dealings with the military authorities. He liked to give them a bit of his mind now and then; and, when he got away to London on leave, he would, according to his own account, sit up all night with Mr. Winston Churchill, or some other member of the Cabinet, "working out plans of campaign," which were always quite different from those of Sir Ian Hamilton. He was finally dismissed for slipping through the censorship a long private letter to Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, in which he severely criticized the conduct of operations and advocated immediate withdrawal. It is obvious now that he was right. He was prob-

ably right, too, in urging at an earlier stage that the proper place to make a landing was Bulair, at the neck of the peninsula, where we should have cut off the Turks from all succour by land. But the military authorities probably would not be grateful to a newspaper correspondent for having so much to say about it.

Yet this is a terrible indictment. It cannot be dismissed as the mere revilings of a disappointed journalist. For it is not the personal antagonism to Sir Ian Hamilton that makes the impression—the talk of his "deplorable ignorance of strategy" and of "the most elementary rules of war," the charge that he told "childish falsehoods" in his official reports. It is the plain statements of fact—the number of men lost as compared with the amount of ground gained; the number of hours that troops landed at Suvla were left kicking their heels on the beach before getting the order to advance; the constant failures to co-ordinate; the absence of the Staff at critical moments—and the luxury in which they lived compared with the men on shore. This last, indeed, became a standing joke, not only in the army but throughout the Levant. Whatever we may think of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's personal grievances, he gives chapter and verse for all his main charges.

Here, for instance, is a small but extraordinarily significant fact, showing the fools' paradise in which our military authorities were living at the opening of the campaign, and the meaningless, childlike optimism which prevailed in their minds almost to the end. It is this: there was precisely one hospital ship allotted to Anzac at the landing. One! What happened at that particular landing has been told with incomparable skill by their own official historian, Mr. C. E. W. Bean. Dozens of hospital ships took them back to Alexandria. Took them back in hundreds on every ship, with perhaps two exhausted doctors to attend to them and bury them over the side in such numbers that it was said that on only one ship had it been possible to keep a record. Took back the shattered remnants of the finest attacking troops that the war produced, thrown away for almost nothing. Took them back on stretchers and left them to be dumped by the doors of buildings which had only that very day been hired as hospitals—buildings without beds, so that they remained on those same stretchers for weeks. No one who was there and witnessed that ghastly muddle is likely to forget it. And in Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's book we have again the bitter reminder that it need never have been.

SCRUTINIES

Scrutinies. Collected by Edgell Rickword. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

I CONFESS to being a little baffled and a good deal disappointed by the volume edited by Mr. Edgell Rickword. In the first place Mr. Rickword denies that there is any special relationship between the writers of the various papers. We cannot therefore, it seems, hope for any representative view of the newcomers in the world of letters. It is the more perplexing to read in the same introduction that the book is ten years overdue "because many of the revaluations are shared by most intelligent people." But is it not rather astonishing that views expressed at haphazard by a dozen writers and in no way correlated should nevertheless by some divine accident give expression to the hitherto unpublished impatience of "most intelligent people"? It almost looks as though what Mr. Rickword is suggesting is that "most intelligent people" are tired of hearing Aristides called just, and are ready to agree with anybody who for any reason or for no reason is prepared to call him unjust. That is rather an exhibition of inferiority-complex than a basis of criticism.

In the second place I am disappointed because the book appears to represent at any rate in considerable part not the rebellion of youth, but the rather languid revolt of middle age. Who are these Harry Hotspurs rushing in the flame and flower of their bright boyhood to destroy the "cyclopean statues leading to a ruined temple"? The ages of some of the knights-errant are unknown to me. But at least three, Mr. Edwin Muir, Mr. D. H. Lawrence and Mr. W. J. Turner will have to cram their casques down hard, if they are to conceal their greying locks. It is true that in literature nobody less than forty is old enough to be known generally as "young." But the world does not particularly wish to hear the complaints of one successful veteran against another who has seen one or two more campaigns than himself. That is liable, even with so vigorous a pugilist as Mr. Lawrence, to degenerate into something almost staid. The horse ambles, the spear is held at rest on a slightly rheumatic arm. And one hopes anxiously that none of the elderly challengers is going to catch a cold in the head.

No, it is not to these that we look for information as to what the ferocious young are thinking, nor even to Mr. Graves, who though younger than those, can no longer claim the first gay impetus of youth. It is rather to Miss Edwards, Mr. Garman, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Roy Campbell that we must turn for guidance. And that is a pity, because it is unhappily true that only the work of the Upper Sixth is of real value. Mr. Muir, for example, an established critic, has dealt gently and even generously with Mr. Arnold Bennett. He does not, it is true, say much more than that Mr. Bennett is too fond of success, and that 'The Old Wives' Tale' is a very good book and Mr. Bennett's best. That is true, though not very new. But it is said with distinction. Mr. Lawrence is far from tearing Mr. Galsworthy to pieces. He regrets, as everybody regrets, that the great promise of 'The Man of Property' has never been fulfilled. In addition he complains, with that directness of diction to which he has accustomed us, of Mr. Galsworthy's treatment of sex. It is well said, but it is not said for the first time, though nobody has said it quite so forcibly. But then very few people have the style and hardly any the vigour of Mr. Lawrence. But there is nothing wild here, and nothing that the *Adelphi* would not have regarded as perhaps a little reactionary. Mr. Turner's expression is so vivid that it appears to throw more light than in fact it does. It has a phosphorescent quality which shows well in the dark, but tends to dwindle by daylight. But Mr. Shaw will not be startled by the accusation that he has not dared to carry his criticism of life to its logical and bitter conclusion. It is only too plain that the great Irishman has hesitated between

two worlds
One dead, one powerless to be born.

This again is sound conservative criticism. Mr. Graves, in the liveliest paper in the book, borrows a good deal of Kipling's heartiness in order to use it against him. And very well he does it. But what he is in fact crying is that Kipling 'as taken out Britannia, 'is girl, onto the blasted 'Eath for Bank 'O'lday—and they have there exchanged hats. Mr. Max Beerbohm, however, said that twenty years ago. It was rebellion to assert it then. Now it is scholarship.

I do not in the least complain of these four essays. They all have distinction and are all sensible grown-up considerations of their subject. But I do not know why they are included in the book. Did youth fear to enter the lists unaided? Or did the older generation try to renew their youth by attempting to join the children in burning Guy Fawkes on the 5th? I don't know, but I do know that for the sake of the book as a whole it was worthily done.

The Editor chooses Sir James Barrie for his attack. It is clear that he feels the deficiencies of the Lloyd

George of literature intensely, but it is perhaps the very intensity of his feelings which makes it often difficult to know what he is at. His words so tumble about in his indictment, there is such a sense of fierce arched eyebrows bent over a mouth saying "I'll give you such a look in a minute" that the very vigorous things Mr. Rickword no doubt thinks are somehow lost—as, for example, when he writes "in what has been hailed as a triumph of dramatic volte-face the ball-room scene in Quality Street, the author's peculiar prejudice in favour of spinsterdom forces a ten-year-old sentiment into supremacy over the natural attraction of physical youth and vitality; another example of the incipient necrophily which hangs about most of Barrie's characters." This means, as I understand it, that Sir James Barrie is at heart a sentimentalist, and that his creations are tainted for that reason. That is true, and the commonplace of Barrie criticism. I am not sure that Mr. Rickword makes it new by making it almost unintelligible.

Miss Edwards is easier to follow, but has nothing very shattering to say about Mr. Chesterton, except that he is a child and has not put childish things from him. She might have gone on to say that he sometimes finds it difficult to distinguish between Falstaff, God and himself, because he is an enormous child. Not all of us like children even of normal littleness; many of us dislike distended children. But nobody denies or can deny that heaven lies about us in our infancy. It is apparently only in the earlier 'twenties that we tell the truth about it.

Miss Edwards has the courage of her convictions. Mr. Garman has scarcely the courage of the convictions of his friends. The author of 'The Jaded Hero' rebukes Mr. de la Mare for being degenerate, in the sense that he is substituting magic for belief. He handsomely admits that Mr. de la Mare is not decadent, though the admission is a little reduced

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This novel is by an author who has lived in India for years in close comradeship with its people and knows the essence and quintessence of that country. In this book we get a heartrending picture of the lives of the 'untouchables' and whilst much of the story confirms the facts disclosed in Katherine Mayo's book *Mother India*, it gives a completely different view of that country to Western eyes. This is a beautiful tale, a moving tale, but above all a tale which shows the infinite patience, goodness and childlike qualities of the ordinary illiterate villager of India to-day.

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when we learn from a footnote that the temper of most intelligent contemporary minds must be decadent. (Can these, by the way, be the same minds as those referred to in the introduction?) Mr. de la Mare writes the poetry of escape. Mr. Garman does not want to escape, and he says so. Very well, but Mr. de la Mare will escape all the same.

Mr. Higgins, on the other hand, has discovered that Mr. Masfield's beauty-hunt "is a purely reactive ritual, inspired by youth's desperate shame for the bodily initiations of puberty." Moreover, Mr. Masfield for some inscrutable reason does not write like Rimbaud. That is regrettable, but we cannot all be French, nor can we all have Rimbaud's experiences of puberty. It appears further that Mr. Masfield does not write like Chaucer, and is a less meritorious performer than "Banjo" Patterson. After that we need hardly be surprised to learn that Walt Whitman, contemptible as he is, is immeasurably Mr. Masfield's superior. It remains to observe that Mr. Masfield is not as good as Shakespeare either.

Mr. Roy Campbell is unfortunate, because all the targets are already occupied—de la Mare, Masfield, Chesterton and Kipling. It was hardly worth while to march over the prostrate forms of the Georgians (though he might perhaps have quoted Mr. Squire accurately). But unlike the rest he has something genuine and true to say. It is the fact that it is not to form but to substance that the future of poetry must look, and, Mr. Campbell says it with equal wit and wisdom, "technical innovations are about as likely to influence poetry as the invention of a new style of hairpin would be to revolutionize engineering." It is a pity that the poets had been bagged so that Mr. Campbell could not apply his very penetrating mind to them.

Finally, there is a writer who contrives to write of Mr. George Moore without mentioning 'The Brook Kerith.'

HUMBERT WOLFE

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

The Industrial Revolution in the Eighteenth Century. By Paul Mantoux. Revised edition translated by Marjorie Vernon. Cape. 16s.

THIS book has long been the standard work on the subject, but it has not always been easy to obtain. A revised edition in translation is therefore trebly welcome. It remains the best general book on the industrial revolution in spite of the additions to knowledge made in the twenty years that have elapsed since its original appearance, and in its revised form it will probably remain so. While not rivalling in literary attractiveness the Hammonds' book on 'The Rise of Modern Industry' it is the most thorough and detailed account of the momentous economic changes which brought about the present industrial and social order that we know.

If it can be said to have any weakness we should be inclined to point to the comparatively slight treatment given to transport and its problems. Transport has been called the economic king. The importance of transport in the industrial revolution needs stressing. There were several distinct phases. Prior to the canal mania there was a period in which attempts to improve river navigation absorbed most effort. The development of internal communications, as Professor Mantoux points out, was hindered to some extent by the growth of coasting trade; but in the end a new road system, canals, and finally railways were to prove all-important, as indeed it is obvious they must have done. No economic system can evolve more rapidly than its means of transport will allow—a fact not without its significance to-day.

In other respects it is hard to find anything to quarrel with in Professor Mantoux's authoritative account. A grumble may perhaps be permitted on the score of the bibliography. This, like the rest of the book, has been revised and to some extent brought up to date, but this part of the work does not seem to have been done very thoroughly—unless omissions are to be explained by the fact that the book has been an inordinately long time printing. We do not know whether this is so or not. But we do not find mentioned in the bibliography Professor Clapham's book, for example, nor Miss Buer's work on the population question at the time of the industrial revolution, and Mr. Ashton's study of the iron and steel industries appears to have been used, but as far as we can discover it is not mentioned in the list given.

The general characteristics of the industrial revolution which Professor Mantoux singles out as of special interest are, first, of course, the inventions, which made possible the speeding-up and increase of production; secondly, the concentration of capital and the growth of large undertakings; and thirdly, the birth of social classes whose history fills our time. Beginning in England the industrial revolution expanded until it extended to the whole world. This country was first for an extraordinarily large number of complex causes, political, commercial, industrial, geographical. With the passage of time and the expansion of the industrial system some of these economic advantages have become proportionately less. From the beginning, expansion has been the key to the vast economic evolution which has taken place. Whether expansion will be possible *ad infinitum*, and if not, what we are to do about it may be regarded as among the ultimate economic riddles of the future.

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STALKY TELLS HIS TALE

Stalky's Reminiscences. By Major-General L. C. Dunsterville. Cape. 7s. 6d.

IN one sense it is hard on General Dunsterville that he should happen to have shared a study at school with a short-sighted boy named Kipling. It makes it so difficult for us to think of him as anything but a character in 'Stalky and Co.'; and if the reflected glory from that great book gathers round everything he writes about his earlier days, it also has its disadvantages. When he tells us, for instance, that Kipling's nickname was not "Beetle" but "Giglamps," we receive the information coldly. "Giglamps" is a commonplace name. When he modestly asserts that Stalky was "never quite so clever as portrayed in the book," which "makes no mention of the many times when he was let down," we feel resentfully that he is trying to let us down to earth with him. And when he goes on to say that those faithful allies, Stalky and Beetle (or rather, Giglamps) often fought, and that Stalky ruthlessly used his longer reach and better sight to win easy victories, we simply refuse to believe it. No doubt, as the grown-up Stalky says, these things do happen, with the best of school-boy friends. But was it delicate to mention it? Finally the book is much too good to need a borrowed halo: its presence distracts our attention from General Dunsterville's merits as a writer of the lighter kind of reminiscences. That none too easy art he seems to have at his finger tips. Perhaps the secret lies in his butterfly touch; two or three consecutive sentences seem to be the most he ever devotes to any one point. Or perhaps it is the judicious sprinkling through his pages of neat little anecdotes, always very brief and crisp. Or perhaps it is just natural—just that he is Stalky. Then we are back where we started after all!

Anyhow, it is a most entertaining book. There are three opening chapters on those heroic school-days. Masters, to Stalky, were simply "a tyrannical lot of old men (some of them were only just down from the University) who hated boys and wanted to make them miserable." But he handsomely admits that "we really must have been a very difficult trio to tackle." Especially Kipling:

The ordinary boy, however truculent, generally quails before the malevolent glance of a notably fierce master. But I remember Kipling on such occasions merely removing his glasses, polishing them carefully, replacing them on his nose, and gazing in placid bewilderment on the thundering tyrant, with a look that suggested "There, there: don't give way to your little foolish tantrums: go out and get a little fresh air, and you'll come back feeling quite another man."

It was about this time that Stalky took to signing in his blood the letters he wrote to his sisters. "It was an unpleasant job getting the blood from my arm, and blood is most trying stuff to write with, it congeals very quickly and won't rub off the nib—I doubt if it was worth while." It was about then, too, that he had the adventure with the cigars. A total stranger, on the train coming home from Germany, persuaded the boy to conceal a large number of cigars in the double lining of his top-hat, in order to avoid the Customs. Stalky missed his fellow traveller on the boat, and there was an extra supply of smoking materials in the famous study that term.

From school he passed to Sandhurst and to India, enjoying life with characteristic zest, and discovering at the same time a natural gift for languages which helped him considerably in his profession. Then came China and the Boxer rising, India again, and finally the war and the adventures of "Dunsterforce," which General Dunsterville has described at length in another book and therefore deals with briefly here. He has liked it all enormously, and he has had a distinguished career—which is by no means finished yet. But in some vague way we cannot help feeling that even greater use might have

been made of his talents—of his powers of leadership, his spirit of adventure, his keen and humorous outlook upon life. And that is not only because we know that he once was Stalky.

HAND AND SOUL

Rossetti: His Life and Works. By Evelyn Waugh. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

MR. EVELYN WAUGH justifies the claim of his publishers, that he has told the story of Rossetti's life without sentimentality and without flippancy. But after the guarded garrulity of William Michael, the spiteful but occasionally illuminating notes of W. B. Scott, the reminiscences of those who attached themselves to the man in his last lamentable days, the books by Joseph Knight and A. C. Benson, there is little room for an ordinary biography, and the perfect biography will never be written. There used to be a belief that Watts-Dunton could have produced it: it would have needed a pooling of the knowledge possessed by Ford Madox Brown, Morris, Swinburne, Howell, and many other associates, and a skill in portraiture to which not three biographers in our literary history have attained. Mr. Waugh has done well enough, though his acceptance of Sir Hall Caine is uncritical, and though at a few points he has made small slips. But his book must be judged by the only novel part of it, his appreciation of Rossetti as painter and poet.

Let us say at once that he is better in dealing with the pictures than with the poems. In the first place, he justly prefers the Rossetti of the water-colours and of, in a sense, less ambition to the painter who, out of lassitude or, more frequently, to gratify certain wealthy

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patrons, fell into the habit of producing mystical painted sonnets in honour of three types of female beauty. Then, in remarking too briefly on Rossetti's "child's or peasant's" pleasure in bright and shapely things, Mr. Waugh comes near to a seldom perceived truth about Rossetti, that he and his associates, whatever their defects, did a great thing for English art in frankly displaying the pattern where most of their immediate predecessors and senior contemporaries obscured it. Further, Mr. Waugh sometimes shows an acute perception of that feeling for purely pictorial values with which Rossetti, in so many ways not strictly a painter, now and then surprises us. There is no better instance than the one admirably singled out by Mr. Waugh in the painful minor masterpiece, 'Arthur's Tomb,' constructed on an astonishing scheme of three horizontals so that, in his excellent phrase, it "aches with suppressed resilience," and is clamped down only by the stiff, thick, undecorative apple-tree, of which any other artist of Rossetti's school would have disastrously made a charming decoration. Good, again, is the passage in which Mr. Waugh praises the early Rossetti as, at times, that rare, now nearly extinct creature, a pen-and-ink artist concerned to make a picture that shall be self-sufficing, not something that will satisfy the requirements of reproductive processes.

But when we have said so much we have almost exhausted the merits of Mr. Waugh's book. His understanding of the relations between Rossetti and the earlier members of the circle is imperfect, and Ford Madox Brown, in whom there was a very valuable element of surly pictorial honesty, he quite unreasonably underestimates. And when he comes to the task of justifying Rossetti's conception of painting he is clearly perplexed. With the poetry he is seldom more than sensible; and he falls short of even that modest standard in writing a book about Rossetti without the least allusion to 'Nineveh,' in sheer intellectual power the finest of Rossetti's poems. Moreover, he seems to lean to the opinion, for which Watts-Dunton, so full of generalizations about poetry and so unable to value the specific genius of his illustrious friends, was mainly the champion, that exterior work like the late ballads surpasses the intimate, compressed, highly sophisticated poems. Like it or not, Rossetti was of those to whom it is not quite natural to be natural. Watts-Dunton, with a personal excuse, took what was healthy mental exercise for Rossetti and for Swinburne to be the sort of poetry they were best fitted to produce. Why should a critic not engaged in promoting their convalescence fall into the same error? And why should one who has never had to dilute the chloral dwell so much on the nervous incapacity of a man who, in his fortunate years, had so resolute an artistic will?

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

- From Double Eagle to Red Flag.* By P. N. Krassnoff. Allen and Unwin. 21s.
The Land of the Children. By S. Gussiev Orenburgsky. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
Storming Heaven. By Ralph Fox. Constable. 7s. 6d.
The Island of Captain Sparrow. By F. Fowler Wright. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
Blind Lead. By Myfanwy Pryce. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

LEONARDO DA VINCI and Michael Angelo, it is said, were the ruin of Italian painting. For though they painted better than anyone before, those who tried to imitate them painted much worse. Tolstoi and Dostoevsky, too, wrote better novels than anyone before them; but if we are to judge from the first two books on my list their example has been equally fatal to their imitators.

'From Double Eagle to Red Flag' is a vast work, painting on a large canvas and with a wealth of detail the history of Russian society between 1894 and 1921. In form it derives, consciously or not, from 'War and Peace.' General Krassnoff, like Tolstoi, forswears every minor grace of fancy, humour, or purely formal beauty, in order to carry us away by the sheer naked reality of his picture of life. But he has not the creative power of Tolstoi: and so, though 'From Double Eagle to Red Flag' shows much power of observation and a genuine narrative gift, it remains a collection of undifferentiated facts, interesting only for their historical value.

Mr. Orenburgsky, more bold, tries to bend the bow of Dostoevsky. 'The Land of the Children' is also a huge work, also about the Russian Revolution. It describes the effect of the Revolution on a group of characters, and it does so in the real Dostoevsky style, with all its paraphernalia of murders and ecstatic visions and parables and holy idiots and sudden repentances and interminable conversations about the universal plan. The name of God, used in no profane sense either, must appear at least twice on every closely-printed page.

But the book is even less successful than General Krassnoff's. And this is due not only to the fact that Mr. Orenburgsky is a less capable writer, but also to a danger inherent in his method. The disordered genius of Dostoevsky, indeed, had used this method to great effect. For by its means he kept his book at a white heat of emotion in which the relations of

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his characters to absolute good and absolute evil did seem the only important things about them. But a less inspired writer cannot keep his book at this temperature: and in consequence his constant harping on Heaven and Hell is unreal and a little disgusting. We feel that God and the Devil do not mean as much to him as he says they do, but that he makes use of them as a painter uses vivid colours, scarlet and orange, to make his picture more startling: in short, that he exploits his moral emotions for sensational purposes.

But for this Mr. Orenburgsky must share the responsibility with his country. What a country! Any purely literary impression left by these books is slight compared with the horror, disgust and contempt excited by the "civilization" they portray. The grossest evils, rape and torture, to say nothing of drunkenness and seduction, seem of common occurrence in every class of society and are varied by orgies of abject glutinous repentance, as much a crude sensual pleasure as the crimes that precede and follow them. They sin much that much may be forgiven them, and they live a life of virtue that their subsequent fall may be as deep and sensational as that of Lucifer. In the present regime, however, Marxism has succeeded Christianity as an alternative to crime. The last vestiges of beauty and compassion have left them; and they cease from blood only to rhapsodize upon the charms of a mechanical civilization and to declaim against the wickedness of the bourgeoisie. But in truth it is hard for a Western reader to distinguish very clearly between life in pre- and life in post-Revolutionary Russia. It is always more or less blood-stained, sensual and hysterical; above all, weak. Of self-discipline and continence and perseverance the Russians know nothing. They exude blood, the flesh is only too strong within them and we search their anatomy in vain for the semblance of a backbone.

Mr. Fox sees them differently. 'Storming Heaven' never mentions a foreign nation except by way of contrasting its wickedness and misery with the nobility and happiness of life under the Soviet Republic. It is true that his picture of their life is mild compared to that drawn by the Soviet's own subjects. His book contains only one murder; no torture on the grand scale; and though several of the men and women in the book live out of wedlock, they do so voluntarily, not under force. But though Mr. Fox has missed out some of the horrors, he has put no compensating attractions in their place. There is the same atmosphere of blood and lust and sweat that disgusted us in the other books. Perhaps this is what Mr. Fox likes. One of his characters says, apparently with the approval of the author, that the Bolsheviks are to be congratulated for really facing the fact of evil at its worst, instead of avoiding or repressing it like other nations. Why this should be counted unto them for righteousness one cannot imagine. Is a house better because its architect has really faced the fact of ugliness at its worst without avoiding or suppressing it?

It is a relief to turn from Mr. Fox's real monsters to Mr. Fowler Wright's imaginary ones. 'The Island of Captain Sparrow' is a story in the Rider Haggard style about an unknown island in the Pacific inhabited by the relics of an aboriginal tribe with magical powers, and a company of degraded English pirates. It is a well-constructed story, and the end is very exciting. But Mr. Fowler Wright makes rather too strong demands on the imagination. The birds as big as camels who do the gardening on the island, and the French girl who lives for two years naked on the tree-tops and remains self-possessed and beautiful, put a strain on one's credulity.

'Blind Lead' is pleasant, effortless reading. It has an interesting theme and is written throughout with the distinction and that eye for the picturesque in costume and setting that Miss Pryce cannot fail to

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Three books to note (most favourably reviewed):

PIRATES, HIGHWAYMEN AND ADVENTURERS, 7s. 6d.; 80 copies, handmade paper, 21s.

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exhibit. But it is not one of her greatest successes: for the reason that it is a novel of character and the characters do not convince. Lettice, the heroine, in particular, shifts and changes like a cloud. She is supposed, it is true, to alter with the years, but she alters so suddenly and so completely that her second self, worldly and efficient, has no connexion with her early impulsive self. And when at the end she suffers a momentary revulsion, we are surprised again. Nor are her husband and her true love Rudy clearer. Without warning they disclose qualities surprising alike to the reader and the other characters in the story. Christine, the young girl, is more stable, but her stability is less that of a solid human being than of a cardboard figure—the cardboard figure now only too common in contemporary fiction: the clear-sighted, independent post-war girl, who will not sacrifice herself to the totems of a past generation.

SHORTER NOTICES

Some Take a Lover. By Peter Traill. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

KATHLEEN RORKE was the daughter of a French father and an English mother, and though her mother alone was responsible for her education and her upbringing, it was the French strain that predominated in her character. France, we are to understand (and not Leicestershire), was responsible for Kathleen leaving the parental roof while still a girl in her teens; France, too, was responsible for her refusing to marry Robin Holmes and to accept uncomplainingly the subsidiary rôle of his mistress. Of course, the end was inevitable. Robin (who had all the elements of the complete cad) quickly tired of the position and sought satisfaction—and matrimony—elsewhere. Kathleen thereupon returned to her mother, only to find that in England (whatever may happen in France) fatted calves are not killed for prodigal daughters. We leave her in the end chastened but unrepentant—and in France. Mr. Traill has told the story with considerable skill, but we tend to the opinion that his envisagement of the Gallic temperament is somewhat misleading.

Cain, or the Future of Crime. By George Godwin. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

MR. GODWIN quotes Lord Ellenborough's remark on opposing the abolition of capital punishment for theft: "My Lords, if we suffer this Bill to pass we shall not know where we stand, whether on our heads or our feet," which now sounds ridiculous, yet there is punishment for crime inflicted daily which, a generation or two hence, will appear almost as barbarous. This little book is the latest addition to the 'To-day and To-morrow' series. Like its predecessors it compels the reader to think, whether he will or no. There is a growing tendency to accept the 'Erewhon' theory that crime is a disease, many a criminal mind being on the border of insanity. In the London police courts probation officers are doing splendid work in this direction. Ten years or so hence they should have obtained sufficient data on which to base far-reaching reforms. Meantime, if anyone be interested in crime and its cure, let him read 'Cain.' It is depressing, but it gives hope of a more sensible and effectual treatment in the future.

Partnership in Industry. By F. W. Raffety. Cape. 5s.

ALTHOUGH small and unpretentious in form this book is full of concentrated information, and is soundly written by a man who knows what he is talking about. As Treasurer of the Industrial Co-partnership Association Mr. Raffety has had personal experience of most of the aspects of this intricate subject, yet his mastery of detail does not lead him to overlook fundamentals. He insists that not the amount in money of the employee's stake in a business but the implications and spirit of the thing are the vital part; co-partnership is to be regarded primarily, not as a scheme for supplementing earnings, but as machinery for readjusting the false and mischievous relationship between masters and men which is the legacy of the Victorian age. He disagrees with the facile view that it is the "soullessness" of modern large firms which is the cause of the trouble; the lack of personal touch cuts both ways, and the modern employee would not be duly grateful for the patronizing interest of even the most enlightened old-fashioned employer. Why industry so often comes to grief is that the economic relationship has not kept pace in development with the changing social and political relationship between different classes. To devise a new understanding in keeping with modern psychology is the great task of the present time, and co-partnership, however low it is rated, must be admitted to be an important instrument for that end. It is interesting to notice among Mr. Raffety's examples the diversity with which the idea can be, and is already being, given effect; that the movement is spontaneous and flexible is our best assurance of its ultimate success.

LITERARY NOTES

M JACQUES MARITAIN has been described as the "most powerful force in contemporary French philosophy." His scholasticism, derived from the thought of St. Thomas Aquinas, has an enthusiastic following among many of the younger philosophers who are reacting from the tyranny of the evolution doctrines and the worship of science, the echoes of which are still heard from our more old-fashioned pulpits. Messrs. Sheed and Ward are shortly publishing a translation of his *La Vie d'Oraison* under the title of *Prayer and Intelligence*. But it is to the *Three Reformers* (Luther, Descartes and Rousseau), which will be published later in the summer, that we look forward with the keenest interest.

Messrs. Longmans, whose famous Latin Primers have been emended and decorated by preparatory schoolboys for many years, have a great reputation as historical publishers. They publish the works of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, the new Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, whose remarkably readable books have lightened the labours of many a tripos-haunted student, and they are now issuing his three books on Garibaldi at a popular price. Professor Trevelyan's book on England in the nineteenth century has long needed a companion volume on the economic history of Britain during that period. It is to be hoped, then, that *Great Britain from Adam Smith to the Present Day*, by Professor C. R. Fay, of Toronto, which Messrs. Longmans are shortly publishing, will adequately supply this want. Messrs. Longmans have lately been expanding the non-scholastic side of their publishing business and have issued several novels and books of verse. This venture has in one instance been remarkably successful; *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is now in its twenty-first thousand, and one thousand copies were sold in three days of last week.

Mr. T. F. Powys, who, despite his rather astonishingly realistic novels about the degradation of English country life, is regarded by his neighbours in his own village as the kindest and most beneficent of men, is publishing with Messrs. Chatto and Windus, on May 10, *The House With the Echo*, a collection of short stories. Mr. Powys has a devoted public, for the special edition of his last book, *Mr. Weston's Good Wine*, ran out of print in a few days, and has been translated into three other European languages. Mr. W. J. Turner, the poet and the writer on music, is publishing another volume of verse with Messrs. Chatto and Windus on April 26, entitled, *New Poems*.

Sir William Watson was, upon the death of Tennyson, nearly appointed Poet Laureate. That he was sufficiently well known so long ago is not generally remembered. Messrs. Thornton Butterworth are publishing his *Selected Poems* very shortly.

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MOTORING

BY W. H. STIRLING

THE R.A.C. has received the regulations relating to the following Continental Car Races: 1. The Royal Prix of Rome on Sunday, June 10, organized by the Automobile Club of Rome for racing cars of 1,500 c.c. and upwards. It is proposed to invite ten outstanding drivers of different nationalities to compete, certain of their expenses being paid by the promoting club. The course is over the circuit of Tre Fontane, near Rome, the total distance being 400 kiloms. 2. The Grand Prix des Voitures de Sport, on Sunday, July 1, organized by the Automobile Club de France. The race is for sports cars and will be held over the Comminges Circuit, the total distance being 263 kiloms. Particulars and copies of the regulations may be obtained from the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.

Sunday, April 22, is the first night of Summer Time, when the provisions of the Road Transport Lighting Act come into force for the first time. The Act requires that the front lamps must be fixed on opposite sides of the vehicle, and neither must be more than twelve inches from the extreme edge of the side on which they are placed. The lamps must be of the same power and the same height from the ground. The red light in the rear may be either in the centre or on the off side, and must be visible not only from directly behind the car, but from almost any point in the road, at a distance of not less than 40 ft. from the rear of the car. Under the Act it is now permissible for a car to carry not more than two lamps showing a light to the front, which will move in accordance with the direction of the wheels, so as to illuminate the roads when turning corners.

Combined dipping and deflecting head-lamps are permitted, but other swivelling or deflecting lights may not be used while the car is in motion. No vehicle may show a red light to the front, and only red lights are allowed to be shown at the back except lights used for illuminating the interior of the vehicle or for illuminating the number plate. Rear reflectors are not permissible on a motor-cycle.

Sir George Beharrell, Managing Director of the Dunlop Rubber Company, makes the following comment about the Government decision to remove rubber restrictions as from November next: "The Government has amended its decision and it is not profitable to speculate what the effect of a different decision might have been. There is, however, one bright spot, and that is the industry, after six years, will be free from Government interference, and I have no doubt that it will soon so order its affairs as to become healthy and strong and a great value to the Empire."

With the increase of motoring, it is necessary to remember the pedestrian. The Director General of Roads in his care for those afoot has repeatedly called attention to the necessity of providing foot-paths on roads. In last week's issue of *Municipal Engineering* a letter appeared from a well-known surveyor, complaining that when he has made good paths, which have been much appreciated by pedestrians during the hunting season, he has had them nearly all broken by galloping horses, and children again have to walk on the roads.

The price of 'The Mastery of the Pacific,' by Sir Frank Fox, is 8s. 6d., not 15s., as wrongly stated in Messrs. The Bodley Head's advertisement last week.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE sensational rise in Funding Loan last week was followed by a partial reaction on rumours that the stock was not to be listed in New York. The news that this was an accomplished fact led to a further rise, which is likely to continue. This innovation should be far-reaching. First, the purchase of 4% Funding for New York will create a shortage of stock on the London market which will therefore help to raise the market price of all existing British Government securities; and secondly, it would pave the way for a British Government Dollar Issue, should the Treasury decide that in this direction lies the solution to redeeming a portion of the 5% War Loan issue and reducing the cost to the nation of the charges of the National Debt.

Holders of Funding Loan in this country may be perplexed as to the course they should adopt in view of the recent rise. Obviously the attraction that Funding Loan has for those domiciled abroad lies in the fact that income tax is not paid on its dividends for non-residents in this country; but as the home investor does not benefit through this, as a permanent investment, it will obviously be to his advantage to sell his Funding at the present price and exchange into either Consolidated 4% Loan or the Conversion 3½% Loan, and this step has already been taken by a large number of holders. At the same time, the fact must not be overlooked that when Funding Loan is listed in New York there is every probability that the buying, which will emanate from that centre will cause the price to rise during the next few months to, say, 94 or 95. Should this forecast prove correct, there is little doubt that the whole of the gilt-edged list will appreciate, not necessarily to the same extent, but at all events materially.

The fixed idea appears to be impressed upon investors in this country that it will always be possible to obtain a yield of between 4½% and 5% on British Government securities. This view is erroneous. The credit of this country should be as high, if not higher, than in pre-war days. The generous return now obtainable is due not to any falling off in our credit but to the vastly increased supply of Government securities caused by war-time borrowing. Sooner or later this will be remedied, and when it is investors will regret that when they had the opportunity they did not invest to a considerable extent in what are the finest investments in the world—investments that carry the endorsement and guarantee of the British Government.

THE BUDGET

As a general rule markets adopt a halting tendency at this time of the year owing to the possibility of the Budget providing disturbing factors for the stock markets. There are no signs of this this year. Whatever surprises Mr. Churchill has in store for us next week, the Stock Exchange are definitely of opinion that they will not be disturbing surprises. Mr. Churchill has told us we are to expect no relief from income tax. The Rating Reform, long overdue, will certainly please the City if it brings relief to agriculture and those industries which are at present being stifled by high rates and taxes.

MORRIS MOTORS

The second annual report and accounts of Morris Motors 1926, Limited, show that profits for the year ended December 31, 1927, have increased by £33,000 to £1,334,907, which compares with the profit of £1,001,634 of last year, and with £1,072,781, the average profit of the three previous years. The directors recommend that no dividend be paid on the ordinary shares, and that the whole of the available profits be used to strengthen the position of the Company by transferring £725,000 to the reserve fund, bringing its total up to £1,000,000, and carrying forward £224,781. This certainly emphasizes the merits of the 7½% cumulative preference shares of this Company. The ordinary shares, by the way, are all believed to be owned by Mr. W. R. Morris.

BARROW, HEPBURN AND GALE

Attention is drawn to the £1 6% cumulative participating preference shares of £1 each and the 10s. Ordinary shares of Barrow, Hepburn & Gale, Limited. The Company was formed in September, 1920, to amalgamate the businesses of Samuel Barrow and Brother Ltd., and Hepburn, Gale and Ross, Ltd. In December, 1920, the Company acquired all the issued share capital of Richard Hodgson and Sons Ltd. These shares appear in the balance sheet of the Company as an investment. The businesses now consist of three tanneries, four factories for the manufacture respectively of manufactured leather goods, balata belting, tanning extract and gelatine, and lastly a leather merchant's business. Losses incurred during the general slump in trade which followed the amalgamation led in 1923 to a drastic writing down of capital when the ordinary shares were reduced from £1 to 10s., and the preference shares dividend from 7½% to 6%. In the years following, the Company was not successful, and in 1926 a Committee consisting of Sir William McLintock and Sir Ernest Clark was appointed to enquire into the affairs of the Company. The report of the Committee was adopted at the Annual Meeting in January, 1927, and its recommendations have been carried out by the new Board. The result is shown by the report and balance sheet published on January 20, 1928, which embodied the figures for fifteen months, during the first six of which it is expressly stated no profits were earned. For these fifteen months the net profit was £147,081. As regards the present position, I am informed that for the first three months of the current year the turnover of the Company shows a substantial increase as compared with the similar period last year. From the above facts it will be seen that both these ordinary and preference shares appear to possess great possibilities.

SIR ALFRED MOND

The news of the formation of Sir Alfred Mond of a powerful Anglo-American Finance Company (to which references is made in 'Notes of the Week') the Ordinary capital of which will be held equally by Imperial Chemical Industries and the Chase Securities Corporation of New York, is of paramount importance in view of the fact that the object of the Company is to provide facilities for commercial and industrial financing in the form of helping industry, either by participating in new enterprises, or by bringing existing concerns to the profit-earning stage, or by making investments wherever the opportunity offers. The future of this Company will be watched with keen interest, and its influence may be far-reaching.

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ACROSTICS

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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, and its price must not exceed a guinea.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 318

TWO SEA-GIRT LANDS TO WHICH ULYSSES CAME:
DOMAINS OF LADIES OF IMMORTAL FAME.

1. What puss is apt to, lop behind, before.
2. Now from a bucket pray extract the core.
3. In rooms of slovens found, in stables, sties.
4. Transpose an Indian whisk to keep off flies.
5. Wroth will he be if you remove his head.
6. I'm obsolete: you use a clock instead.
7. The bleater in me keep, let go the ox.
8. For money he was wont to risk hard knocks.
9. Curtail a land whose beauty is its dower.
10. Dry pastures bear this aromatic flower.
11. My task? "To build in matter home for mind."
12. Low, abject, grovelling, of ignoble kind.

* Emerson.

Solution of Acrostic No. 316

W	or	M ¹	1 "It may be doubted whether there are
A	ntic	I ² ate	many other animals which have played
L	in	G ³	so important a part in the history of the
L	ebano	N ⁴	world, as have these lowly-organised
F	andang	O	creatures."
L	imitatio	N	—Darwin, <i>Vegetable Mould and</i>
O	il-ston	E	<i>Earthworms</i> , p. 316.
W	hite-throa	T ⁴	2 Heath (<i>Calluna vulgaris</i>), and a fish (<i>Lota</i>
E	scapemen	T	<i>molva</i>).
R	ac	E ⁵	3 "The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to

the cedar that was in Lebanon sent to
Give thy daughter to my son for wife."
—2 Chron. xxv. 18.

4 "It frequents gardens and hedges, arriv-
ing about the middle of April."

5 1 Cor. ix. 24.

By fate, not option, frugal Nature gave
One scent to hyson and to wall-flower.

Emerson, *Xenophanes*.

ACROSTIC No. 316.—The winner is Mr. G. K. Malleon, 64 Gordon Road, Ealing, who has selected as his prize 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' by Milton Waldman, published at The Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on April 7 under the title of 'The Raleigh Mystery.' Thirty other competitors named this book, 12 chose 'A Dictionary of Quotations,' 8 'Days in Doorn,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadale, Billy, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Chip, Clam, Coque, Dhualt, D. L., Gay, Glamis, H. C. M., Iago, Jerboa, Jop, J. B., Kirkton, John Lennie, Lilian, Mac, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Oakapple, Peter, Rand, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Miss Daphne Touche, Twyford, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. J. Butler, J. Chambers, Charles, Maud Crowther, Estela, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Miss Kelly, Madge, Miss Moore, Parvus, Perky, Red Cot, Stucco, Tyro, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ché Negro, J. R. Cripps, Hanworth, Pussy.

ACROSTIC No. 315.—Correct: Dhualt, Peter, Pussy, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. One Light Wrong: Coque.

OUR 23RD QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Sixth Round the following are leading: Armadale, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Clam, Dhualt, Gay, Iago, Met, G. W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Shorwell, Sisyphus; Kirkton, John Lennie, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Yendu; Boskerris, Cyril E. Ford, Lilian, Martha, Oakapple, Peter, C. J. Warden; Mrs. Boothroyd, Mrs. Butler, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Glamis, Madge, Miss Moore.

ACROSTIC No. 317.—The Acrostic Editor greatly regrets the error in Light 8, which of course ought to read: "Eighth of a pint of brandy," etc., only half a Gill being needed.

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ART UNION ANNUAL DRAW

The Annual Draw of the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours takes place in the Galleries of the Institute on Tuesday, May 8th. The tickets for the draw are one shilling each. The first prize is of the value of one hundred and fifty pounds. There are numerous other prizes.

All these prizes must be chosen by the winners from the pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Institute. Every subscriber, however, who takes a book of 20 tickets will be entitled to a reproduction in colour of a picture, "The Enchanted Isle," by James Clark, R.I., signed by the artist.

There are also fifty extra prizes consisting of Photo-gravures on paper of "Strolling Players" by G. Sheridan Knowles, R.I., R.O.I., signed by the artist.

The last day for tickets is Saturday, May 5th. These may be obtained from Reginald Blackmore, Art Union Secretary, 195 Piccadilly, W.

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